Edgeworth
NAS

FRANK.

A

SEQUEL TO FRANK

IN

Early Lessons.

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

IN TWO VOLS....VOL. I.

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PREFACE

TO PARENTS.

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"Now look on him, whose very voice, in tone,
Just echoes thine; whose features are thine own;
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, 'My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care.'
—Thou would'st not, deaf to Nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea;
Nor say, *Go thither!* conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands, in his way.
Then, only govern'd by the self-same rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school."

How these lines must strike any affectionate parent, who is going to send a boy to school! Yet, when the first effect of the flash and stroke of eloquence passes away, as the mind subsides to calm, we question whether the danger be real or imaginary. The common reflection, that most of the great men of England have been educated at public schools, recurs to the father and

mother, or is suggested to them by some friend of the family who has himself been brought up in one of our great seminaries. They listen and are persuaded, if not convinced; for those, who are most readily alarmed by eloquence, are most easily relieved by assertion: ashamed of having been moved too far in the moment of alarm, they go directly to the contrary extreme of rash security. They laugh at the poetic peril of asps and quicksands, neglect to examine into the nature of the real danger, and dismiss at once all fear of the simile, and all care for the truth.

It is to be desired, that, on a subject of so much importance to their children and themselves, parents might feel something more than the evanescent effect of eloquence, and might be excited to a serious examination of the facts. But even those, who do not content themselves with a mere dramatic start or sentimental exclamation, and who are seriously aware of the danger, imagine, that the evils, if not necessary, are unavoidable. It must be sufficiently obvious, even to the most zealous friends of private education, that, from various circumstances of inexpediency and impossibility, vast numbers of children cannot be bred up at home; they MUST go to school, and to some of the seminaries which exist.

When it comes to the usual age for sending the boy from home, this sense of necessity presses upon the father and mother: they think, that all they can do is to choose for their son the school, of which they hear the best character: they know all have their faults;

they are sorry for it, but they cannot help it: whatever these faults may be, the individual parent cannot rectify them at the moment his boy is to go to school; and because they cannot do every thing, they are content to do nothing. They submit with indolent resignation to the plea of necessity, consoling themselves with the sophism of common-place philosophy.

They tell you, or they tell themselves, that if the power of new modelling our institutions were put into the hands of any of thosewho wish for their reform, they might not be able to satisfy themselves or others in the execution of new plans; that in the hurry and zeal of innovation they might run from evils that we know, to those we know not of. These considerations, obvious as they are, may afford some comfort under the impossibility of sudden change, and may reconcile us to the slow operations of time and truth, acting as they do irresistibly together. Though it cannot be hoped, that, by any combination of opinion and effort, a perfect school, such as anxious parents would desire, can, in our days, or perhaps ever, be realized, yet continual advances towards excellence may be made.

But, in the mean time, there is something which every parent can do, something more safe than sudden innovation; more manly, more becoming, more useful than indulgence in idle declamation or indolent despair. Every father, every mother, can by preparatory care, direct the home education of their boys before they send them to school.

Every parent can, by this preparatory care, easily do that, which it is not in the power of any schoolmaster to effect, however able or zealous.

For, picture to yourself a perfect schoolmaster—Unless he be endowed with the gifts of ubiquity and omniscience, unless he neither sleep nor nod, he cannot always see or always know what is going on among the hundreds assembled under his tuition; he can make only general regulations, and enforce obedience to these; but he has no time for individual inspection; he cannot attend to the habits of each boy's understanding or temper, nor adapt his moral instruction to the cure of his defects. Yet this is expected, and more: he is expected to correct, in a few months, perhaps, all the faults, all the bad habits, which boys may have acquired during eight or ten previous years of their life.

Parents sometimes seem to consider a schoolmaster as a magician, who can accomplish every wish, however extravagant; who can confer every moral gift, and every intellectual talent.

Sending a boy to school is by such parents considered as a remedy for every evil. Is their boy indolent? Oh, send him to school, and he will become active. Is he headstrong? No matter, his temper will be cured at school. Is he bashful? He will become confident enough at a public school. Is he selfish? He will become generous. Is he cowardly? He will become brave. Above all, he will learn to be *manly*; every boy becomes manly at school. But he has no habits of application,

order, or truth. No matter, he will learn them all when he goes to school: it is his master's business to teach him these. He does not know, perhaps, how to write, or to read, or to spell, or to speak his mother tongue correctly. But it is his schoolmaster's business to teach him: why should he be teazed with these things at home? His parents may indulge him and spoil him as much as they please; it is the business of that devoted being, of that martyr, a schoolmaster, to do and to suffer all that parents themselves cannot do or suffer. Without pleading in his favour (for who would undertake so unpopular a cause?) it may be prudent, on the part of parents, to consider, whether, if their sons afterwards should disappoint their expectations, should turn out blockheads or spendthrifts, should throw away their fortunes at the gaming table, or their lives in disgraceful connexions or ill-assorted marriages; should make their hearts ache for many a long year, and bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, it would be a sufficient consolation, or quieting to their conscience, to throw the blame upon the negligence of the schoolmaster, and the vices of our public institutions.

It is the object of the present little book, not only to contribute to the amusement and advantage of children, but to point by what means every father and still more every mother, may, by care in the previous education of their children at home, guard in a great measure against the danger which they fear at school; and by what means they may give to their boys the greatest

chance of securing every advantage to be hoped from public education.

The following volumes contain the History of Frank from seven years old, where we left him, till between ten and eleven. From the time his father determined to send him to a public school, this preparatory education appears to commence.

It is by no means presumed, that the course here followed is the best, or the only course possible. A thousand different roads may be taken, that will lead to the same end. Provided that the great object be kept steadily in view, every one may please himself in the choice of a path.

The great object is to give your son good principles, and to teach him to abide by his resolutions. It is a mistake to suppose, that resolution can be exercised only upon great occasions, or in matters of consequence. The habit of self-control can be formed by daily gradual exercise in early childhood; and it is by attention to this, that a fond and judicious mother may prepare her child with resolution to resist all the new temptations, which may occur when he shall leave her guardian care. This is to be done, not by teazing him with admonition upon every slight occasion, but by inspiring in his own mind the wish to control himself.

Usually, the first ambition of a school-boy is to be thought manly. *Manly!* How many boys and men have been destroyed by the false ideas annexed to this word! Folly, frolic, extravagance, passion, violence, brutality,

every excess, every vice seek shelter from infamy, and too often find it under this imposing word. Thousands of fine boys, the finest, of the highest spirit, of the best talent, the most generous disposition, have been ruined by their false conceptions of this single word. The first danger a boy has to encounter, at a public school, is from this word, manly. He hears that it is manly to do whatever is done by boys older and taller, not wiser, than himself. He is in the first place laughed at for having been bred up at home; ridiculed for all that he has been taught to think right at home; taught that it is manly to throw off home restraint, and to resist home influence. Even while his affection for his friends remains undiminished, he is taught to be ashamed to show it; and he is led to set at nought the opinion and advice of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, because his school-fellows call this being manly and independent. This first step in error leads necessarily to others more dangerous: first, he is afraid of being thought a child; next, of being thought a milksop. First the influence of parents, next the control of masters, must be set at defiance; then every sort of restraint, moral and religious, must be conquered; he must drink, he must game, he must get in debt, he must lie to conceal his debts from his parents, he must practise every species of falsehood and meanness, to do as others do, who call themselves *manly, independent, spirited.*

Parents, if you would prevent your sons from setting at nought your influence, if you would save your sons from destruction, moral and worldly, give them, before

you send them to a public school, just ideas of what is, or ought to be, meant by a manly character. But can this be done so early? Yes, it can. Mothers, when first you see the infant ambition to be manly break forth in your boys, smile upon it, encourage it, but mark that you guide it well. Your boy first shows himself eager to excel his companions in bodily strength and agility. He is proud to be able to walk, to run, to wrestle, to ride, better than boys a little older, or perhaps a little taller than himself, and you praise him for being manly; and this is all well, provided it be not done in the mere spirit of imitation; but if once you let that spirit rule, without reference to what is good in itself, you will repent it as surely as you and your children live. Teach your son the truth, that manly exercises are useful in themselves, as part of a manly character, but not the whole. Teach him, that to be manly, strength of mind is still more essential than strength of body. Teach him, that it is only the weak, who require the support of numbers to prove to them that they are in the right. Teach your son, that manly strength of character is shown in abiding by his conviction, and his resolution; in defying ridicule, and in resisting all that is wrong in every shape.

High sounding words! too high it may perhaps be thought, for children to feel or understand. No; try them, and you will find that these sentiments are not above their comprehension. When once the infant thought has been touched with this noble feeling, this

generous ambition, the main point of education is secure. Rest your hope, and his own hopes of himself, firmly on this desire and effort to improve. Do not wear out his sensibility of conscience, by teaching that slight deviations are irreparable; for by this you will either make your boy despair of himself, or teach him to be an hypocrite.

Few can, or will, or ought, perhaps, to give up so much of their time and attention as Frank's father and mother did to their son. The details of what was done by them are given, not as models of imitation, but as modes of illustrating general principles; as hints, which the understanding and affection of parents will easily apply in varying circumstances. It is impossible to mark the differences without knowing each peculiar case. All that can be done is to give the example of a child, who probably resembles in the principal points a large proportion of boys of his age.

It will be observed, by those who were formerly acquainted with Frank, and who are kind enough to retain any recollection of his early history, that he is become, we will not say more conceited, that is a harsh word, but more fond of praise, than when we parted from him last. In this tendency to vanity he will be found, probably, to resemble most vivacious boys of his age, who have been educated, as he unfortunately was, without any but female companions at home.

Some other faults have likewise broken out in him, which are likely to be the result of *anxious* private edu-

cation. There are two classes of parents to be considered, those who are too careless, and those who are too anxious. To the careless we have said enough, we hope, to arouse them to attention: but the fault of the present day is too much anxiety concerning details. Parents and private tutors are not only too eager to adopt every new receipt for teacing much in a short time, but are also too easily alarmed by every deficiency which they perceive in their pupils, and draw too readily evil auguries from every trifle. They are so anxious to make their pupils go on, and go right, and go straight, every instant, that they deprive them of the power of acting, thinking, feeling for themselves. Thus they turn them either into helpless puppets, who must cease to move, or fall when the guiding strings are no longer pulled; or, if they be not reduced to this automaton state, they become restive, wilful creatures, who, the instant they are at liberty, set off in a contrary direction to that in which they have been forced.

Frank's father and mother are not wholly free from this over anxiety, inseparable, perhaps, from tender parental affection; but it appears, that they are conscious of its danger, and endeavour, as far as human nature will permit, to counteract its effects.

Their errors may, perhaps, be more useful to parents than all their sense or their exertions. In the chief points they can scarcely lead astray those who may most actively follow their example; nor is that example calculated to throw the most timid into despair. With-

out limiting to a particular course of lessons, they excite their boy to acquire that knowledge, which it is most necessary for him to attain before he goes to school; and as to the rest, they are content with inspiring him with that general love of literature, which they know will make him continue to read and improve himself, when he is left to his own guidance. Without too rigid morality, they uniformly press the great principles of right and wrong, and endeavour to educate a conscience, that shall neither be too tender nor too callous. They try by all means to give Frank self-control and self-command; knowing, that if he obtain these, he will have the best chance of being able to resist temptation, in whatever circumstances he may be placed; and they leave much to a large chapter, which has been forgotten in most modern systems of education—the chapter of accidents.

All this can surely be done by every parent who really wishes it, and without any pedantry of system, or apparatus of dicipline and masters; as the most classically eloquent of modern moralists has observed, in a comprehensive essay on the question of "What is Education?"

"It is not necessary to devote to the education of one child, the talents and the time of a number of grown men, to surround him with an artificial world, and to counteract by maxims the natural tendencies of the situation he is placed in, in society. Every one has time to educate his child; the poor man educates him

while working in his cottage, the man of business while employed in his counting house.

"Do we see a father, who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well-informed, intelligent people; a mother, whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple, about the moral education of your offspring! Do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems, or fancy you must retire from the world to devote yourself to their improvement. In *your* world they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them: they will imbibe affection from your caresses, taste from your conversation, urbanity from the commerce of your society, and mutual love from your example."

FRANK,

A

SEQUEL TO EARLY LESSONS.

"Look, my dear Mary, look what my father has given us," cried Frank, as he came into the room, carrying a basket, which was full and heavy.

"What is in it?" said Mary, eagerly taking off the top of the basket. "Only little bricks!" said she, disappointed.

"Do not you like little bricks?" said Frank.

"I do; but from your great joy I expected something else—something new. You know we have had little bricks ever since the month after I first came here, and that is now above a year ago."

"But these are much better than what we had before; look, these are of wood, and they will not break; the corners will not chip off, as our plaister of Paris bricks did; and these will not whiten or dirty our clothes, or the carpet, or the furniture; besides, we can build a

great deal better with these than with our old bricks, because these are heavier."

"What heavy bricks!" said Mary, taking one in each hand; "of what wood are they made?"

Frank told her, as his father had told him, that they were made of a wood called lignum vitæ; he showed her, that they were all exactly of the same size; and he told her, that his father had made some of them himself, to show the carpenter how to finish them carefully: they were all made in the proportion of real bricks, so that the houses constructed with them might be in proportion to real buildings; and our bridges, said he, will be like real bridges.

"And now, Mary, what shall we do first? I have thought of a great many things. I should like to build one of the London bridges, of which we have a print; or Westminster Abbey, or York or Litchfield Cathedral, or a Roman triumphal arch, or the ruins of Kenilworth Castle."

"Kenilworth Castle, pray let us begin with," said Mary, who had seen the print of Kenilworth, at which every body in the house had lately been looking.

"Mamma," said Frank, "will you be so good as to lend us the print and the plan of Kenilworth, which you have in the great port-folio? We will take a great deal of care of them; and we can build our castle in the bow-window, where we shall be quite out of the way; and how happy we shall be this rainy morning, though we cannot go out!"

His mother lent the print and the plan to Frank, desiring him, at the same time, to take care not to spoil them. She said that he might consult them as they lay upon the table, but that he must not have them upon the floor.

As soon as they looked at the plan, Mary said it was too difficult, and advised him to begin with something that would be easier to imitate than these ruins. But he set to work on the plan of Kenilworth. He built up and he pulled down, and he measured and made mistakes, and he set Mary to lay out one part while he was busy at another; but Mary did not succeed in her part, and she said she did not think Frank's tower looked like the tower in the print. Frank proved, as well as rule, and compasses, and figures could prove it, that all that he had done was quite right, and he showed Mary where her's was wrong; however, as she found it too difficult, and as she was tired of not succeeding, he good-naturedly swept away his tower, and said he would do any thing else, which Mary might like better. Mary was pleased by his good-nature, and he helped her to build her favourite transparent round tower, which is easily constructed, merely by leaving the thickness of one brick between each that is laid on. This tower was raised to a height above that of any edifice which these little architects had ever before erected; and when it was accomplished, after Frank's mother had turned to look at it, and had admired it as much as could be reasonably expected, Mary next assisted Frank in building

his triumphal Roman arch, but before it could be finished, bricks were wanting, and no resource remained but to pull down Mary's tower. To this, with good-humour, she consented, and supplied him with bricks from its ruins so fast, that he said she was now an excellent *strawman*.

"My dear Frank," said Mary, "how happy we always are, now we play together without the disputes we used to have. Do you remember that melancholy month, when we were separated every time we quarrelled? Oh that was a miserable time!"

"It was indeed," said Frank; "but it was well for us, because it cured us at last of disputing; and now, when you feel a little impatient, you stop yourself in time, Mary, my dear."

"Yes," said Mary; "and Frank, my dear, whenever you are going to be angry, you stop yourself too. Now you give up a little, and I give up a little."

"Hush! my dear," said Frank, "for I am just going to put the key-stone into my arch, you see."

"What is a key-stone?" said Mary.*

* To those, if any there be, who like Mary do not know what a key-stone is, and who cannot immediately see one, it may be useful to explain what it is.

An arch is built from each side, till it nearly joins in the middle; into this unfilled space, in the middle, a wedge-shaped brick or stone is put, which tightens the whole arch; as it were, locks it firmly together, and, from thus locking, it perhaps was called the key-stone.

"Look, and don't talk to me," said Frank: "if you talk to me, I cannot mind what I am about."

Mary stood quite silent, and even held her breath, while Frank put the key-stone into his arch.

"There, now it is in—now it is all safe," cried he; "put your hand upon it, feel how strong it is, Mary; you may lean with your whole weight."

"Very strong indeed," said Mary. "And now, Frank, you will acknowledge, that I have done more for you than you did for me this morning: because, when you bid me hush, I hushed; but when I was in my great difficulties, trying to make out that plan of Kenilworth Castle, you went on talking so fast to me, that I could not mind what I was about, and that was the cause of all—no, I don't say *all*, but of a great many of the mistakes that I made."

"But why did you not ask me not to speak," said Frank? "How could I imagine that you did not like to hear me talk when you did not tell me so."

"I was afraid you would be angry if I said, hush," replied Mary.

"But that was foolish of you; I am sure I am never angry *now*, am I?" said Frank.

"Not often," replied Mary; "but I cannot say that you are *never* angry, my dear Frank."

"When was I angry last? I do not remember," said Frank.

"I do," said Mary; "but I do not like to put you in mind of it."

"I recollect, Mary, the last time when you were angry, and *that* was yesterday," said Frank.

"Oh no, I was not angry, I was only a little, a very little impatient," said Mary.

"Well, but if I allow that for you, Mary," said Frank, "you must allow the same for me. You must not say that I was angry."

"Perhaps I should not say *angry* quite, but very near being angry," replied Mary.

"That is quite a different affair," said Frank; "no matter how near I am; if I command myself, I have the greater merit."

"May be so," said Mary; "but I do not know what good, or merit, as you call it, there is in being very nearly angry. Now let us ask mamma."

"Mamma, which do you think is most apt to be angry?" cried they, both together, going before the table at which she was writing; their eyes sparkling and their cheeks crimson.

"My dear children," said Frank's mother, "I have heard the word *angry* too often within these last five minutes. Compare yourselves with what you have been, and observe as much as you please whether you improve, or not; that will be better than disputing about which is the most or the least apt to be impatient—a point which neither of you can decide, because you cannot see into each other's minds; but you may both observe what passes in your own."

"Yes, and I can govern my own too," said Frank, proudly.

"And so can I," said Mary. "Well, what shall we do next, Frank?"

Frank proposed building, with what remained of the bricks of Mary's tower, a bridge, like one of which they had a print. At this bridge they worked very happily; but, before they had finished it, a carriage drove to the door.

"Who is it?" said Frank and Mary, looking out of the window.

It was a lady, whom they had never before seen, who had but lately come to live in the neighbourhood. Upon the barouche seat of the carriage, by the side of the coachman, there sat a little boy, who looked rather taller and older than Frank. This boy did not get down, though it rained. He sat still, kicking his heels against the foot-board, and playing with the coachman's whip, while the coachman held an umbrella over his head.

After the lady had been a little while in the room, Frank, watching for a time when neither she nor his mother were talking, went to his mother, and whispered,

"There is a little boy sitting on the barouche seat of that carriage: it is raining very hard, mamma; shall I go and ask him to come in?"

The lady heard what Frank whispered, and she thanked him; but said her son was so shy, that she often could not prevail upon him to come into a room where he expected to see strangers.

"And besides," said she, "Tom is so fond of being

with the coachman and the horses, and of having a whip in his hand, *making believe* to drive, that I assure you he would rather sit there in the rain, from morning till night, than do any thing else in the world; and, as these are his holidays, I let him have his own way, and do just what he pleases. You know boys, ma'am, are kept strictly enough at school with their lessons and their masters."

Soon afterwards the boy touched the horses with the coachman's whip, which made one of them start and rear; upon which the lady, alarmed, ran to the window, beckoned to her son, and desired him to get down, and come in immediately. Very unwillingly he obeyed. He came into the room, looking ashamed or sulky, and, setting his back against one side of the chimney-piece, he scarcely answered any thing that was said to him.

However, when something ~~to eat~~ was brought into the room, he recovered a little. Frank's mother desired him to help the stranger to whatever he liked; and Frank did so, without giving him the trouble to say more than yes or no. After they had finished eating, the boy let Frank lead him away to the bow-window, where Mary and he had been building their bridge; and Frank, pointing to his little bricks, asked if he had any such as those?

"Not I," answered Tom; "at school we have other fish to fry."

"Fish to fry!" thought Mary, "what can that mean?"

"But in the holidays," said Frank, "should not you like such bricks?"

"Not I," said Tom, "they're baby bricks, fit for girl's play."

Frank, colouring a little, said, his father thought they were very useful, and he began to explain the uses that could be made of them. But the boy, knotting a whip which he held in his hand, said he knew nothing of such things, and he did not like them.

"Perhaps you like prints," said Mary; "here are some very pretty prints in this port-folio; will you look at them?"

"No," Tom said, he thought prints were great *bores*.

"*Great bores!*" repeated Mary.

"Yes, especially in the holidays," said Tom, "horrid bores."

"What can he mean by horrid bores," said Mary to Frank.

"Hush! my dear," said Frank.

"Not know what a *bore* means; why what *quizzes* you would be thought at school!"

Mary, ashamed to ask what was meant by *quizzes*, or to confess that she did not know, was silent for some moments, but then said; "I shall never go to school, I believe, but Frank will, some time or other."

"Do you like going to school?" said Frank to the boy.

"No," said Tom, "who does?"

"Why don't you like it?" said Frank.

"I don't know," said Tom, turning half awa "because I don't."

Another silence: but Mary, who was curious to hear more, asked Tom how old he was when he first went to school?

"About nine years old," said Tom.

"And how old are you now?"

"I shall be eleven next October," said Tom.

"And Frank will be ten next July;" said Mary, "and I suppose he will go to school then."

"Then let him take care he gets the Latin grammar well first, or he'll get finely flogged."

Mary and Frank looked at each other. Frank looked very serious, and Mary rather dismal.

"How glad you must be when you come home at the holidays!" said Frank.

"Only I have no horse yet," said Tom.

"Have you books at your home?" said Frank.

"No," replied Tom, looking very grave in his turn.

"Then," said Mary, "we can lend you some of ours."

She and Frank ran to their little book-case, beckoning to him to follow; but as he did not stir, they brought several of what they thought their most entertaining books, and spread them on the table before him, asking him if he had read this, or that, and expressing some surprise when he answered "No" to every book they showed him, or of which they read the title. After every "No" Mary repeated—"Not read *that!* Frank has read that." And Frank always added, "We will

lend it to you, if you wish for it." To which Tom made no answer till a pile of these offered volumes were built up opposite to him, and Mary prepared to wrap them up for him in brown paper. He then looked frightened, and pushing them from him, muttered, "Thank you for nothing, said the gallipot."

Mary, with the brown paper half unrolled, and Frank, with the pack-thread in his hand, stood surprised and puzzled. Mary at last repeated the words, "*said the gallipot.*"

"There's no talking to you—you don't understand a word one says," said Tom; "but that's not surprising for a girl; and boys that have never been at school know no better."

"Do you mean that you do not like to have these books?" said Frank.

"No, I have enough of books at school," replied Tom.

"Then we will put ours by again," said Mary; and she did so.

"What do you read at school?" asked Frank.

"Latin," said Tom.

"What, Latin books?" said Frank.

"I am in Virgil," said Tom.

Frank looked up at him with a respectful air. "And what else?" said he, timidly.

"Virgil's enough," replied Tom; "I read but one book at a time."

"But what English books do you read?"

"English! our class don't read English. We read nothing but Latin."

"Do you read nothing but Latin," said Frank and Mary, looking at him with a mixture of astonishment and admiration; "Nothing but Latin!"

"And enough, and too much too," said Tom, "as you'll know," added he, nodding at Frank, "next year, when you go to school."

Frank and Mary continued silent, pondering upon this for some minutes. Frank began to think again very seriously about school, and the Latin grammar, and about reading nothing but Latin. Mary was tired of the silence of her two companions, and began to listen to what the lady and Frank's mamma were saying. They were talking of some new book, or story, called "The Vampyre."

"After all, ma'am," said the lady, "what shocking stories they do tell of those vampyre bats, sucking the blood of people when they are asleep! But," added she, looking at Mary, and observing that she was listening; "little pitchers have long ears; one should not mention such things before children. But that little lady of yours need not be frightened about the vampyre, as so many silly children have been by this tale, because I am clear, you know, ma'am, there's not any truth in these stories."

"Yes, so I think," said Mary, looking and speaking so composedly, that the lady could not help smiling at her "quiet decision," as she called it, and added, "One

would imagine, she knew a great deal about vampyre bats. What do you know about them, my dear?"

"I *only* know—I know *only* what Frank told me;—what you read to me, Frank, in this book," said Mary, taking up one of the little volumes which lay upon the table. "Here it is—I know the place—I have it. Frank, will you read it?" said she, putting the book into his hand, and pointing to the passage. Frank looked as if he waited to know whether the lady wished to hear or not.

"Oh yes, pray do read it, Master Frank," said the lady; "I am sure I shall like to hear it of all things."

Frank began with the description of this bat, and then read as follows:—

"'In the autumn of 1810, I had for a short time a living vampyre bat, of a large size, from the East Indies; and, contrary to what has been asserted, found it a most inoffensive, harmless, entertaining creature: it refused animal food, but fed plentifully on succulent' (or nourishing) 'fruits, preferring figs and pears; it licked the hand that presented them, seeming delighted with the caresses of the persons who fed it, playing with them in the manner of a young kitten: it was fond of white wine, of which it took half a glass at a time, lapping it like a cat. This had an evident effect on its spirits; it then became extremely frolicsome and diverting, but never once attempted to bite. It slept suspended, with its head downwards, wrapping its satin-like wings round its body, in the form of a mantle.

I several times permitted it to enclose the end of my finger in its mouth, for the purpose of observing if it would attempt to draw blood, but not the slightest indication' (or sign) 'of such intention appeared: and I have strong reason to doubt the stories related so greatly to its disadvantage.' "

"Thank you, sir," said the lady, when Frank finished reading. "A charming anecdote, and charmingly read."

Mary looked delighted as the lady said these words, but Frank looked down and seemed ashamed: perhaps he had some recollection of the flattering lady, who, when he was a very little boy, had first praised him for his reading, and laughed at him afterwards.

"I am sure," continued the lady, "I wish my Tom, there, could read half a quarter as well; and he is, I dare say, a year older than master Frank. Tom stumbles at every word of four syllables, even in the common newspaper. Really, ma'am, English reading, and writing, and spelling, altogether, are shamefully neglected at his school here in the country: I must speak about it."

"If you speak ever so much, mother," cried Tom, suddenly bursting out with a loud voice, "the masters cannot do it now, because of getting me on with Latin. English and *them things*, should be taught at home, they say, before one goes to school, for there's no time after, when one's getting from form to form, and fitting for Westminster or Eton; and then we must get on to Oxford or Cambridge," added he, nodding his head and slashing his whip.

Frank and Mary held their breath from astonishment at this speech, and at the manner in which it was spoken. Tom's mother seemed a little ashamed of the manner, and perhaps to turn off attention from her son, she addressed herself to Mary. "Pray, my dear little lady," said she, "what is that entertaining book in which you found that charming vampyre bat?"

Mary said she believed that it was an account of the curiosities in a museum. The little book had a long title, but Frank could write it.

Frank wrote it, and took care to spell every word rightly, and some were rather difficult.

"The catalogue of Bullock's Museum," said the lady, reading the title. "Tom, you have seen Bullock's Museum."

"Yes," said Tom, "and might have got the catalogue at the door if I'd wanted it."

"Oh Frank!" cried Mary, "he has seen Bullock's Museum. Do you think he has seen the bird of Paradise, and the beautiful little humming bird, which feeds its young with honey from its own tongue?"

"And the great snake, the boa," said Frank; "did you see the boa?"

To these and many other questions which Frank and Mary asked, as it must be owned, very rapily, Tom made no answer. He was quite dumb, not even vouchsafing his usual monosyllables, yes or no. Frank and Mary began to describe the animals for which they inquired, but he turned away abruptly.

"I don't remember any thing about it, but that we paid a shilling at the door," said he; and he added, muttering, as he went off to the window, "I went to Bullock's for my diversion, and not to get them by heart. I wonder when they'll bring the carriage to the door."

"Oh Tom! that is very silly—this is quite rude," said his mother; "but school-boys do grow such shy, strange creatures sometimes; the masters at those schools should pay more attention to the manners."

The lady endeavoured to make amends for her son's rudeness, by her admiration of Frank and Mary. Frank at first had been ashamed of her praises of his reading; but when he heard her regret so bitterly, that her son could not read *half a quarter so well*, he pitied her, and believed in her sincerity; and when she now rose, and came to admire his triumphal arch, he could not help being pleased with her, and with himself, and he could not refrain from showing her a little more of his knowledge. He asked if she knew which was the key-stone, and which were the buttments of the arch.

"How glad I should be," said she, "to know all these things, and to be able to teach them to my poor Tom!"

"Ma'am," cried little Mary, "Frank could tell them all to him, as he told them to me, and a great deal more. Frank knows—"

"My dear Mary," said Frank, "don't tell all I know."

"Oh, pray let her, pray do," said the lady.

"Mary," said her mother, "put by these prints."

"Yes, mamma; but first, in this print, ma'am," persisted Mary, returning to the lady, who seemed to desire so much to be taught, "here are a great number of things you would like to see, and that Frank knows: here are all these pillars—all the orders of architecture."

Frank could resist no longer, and quite forgetting his modesty and his fear of flattery, and without observing his mother's grave look, he went on with "Ionic, Doric, Tuscan, Corinthian, Composite." Encouraged by Mary's sympathy, and by the lady's exclamations of delight, he showed off his whole stock of learning between the time when the bell had been rung for the carriage, and when it arrived at the door.

"Here's Jack, mother; here's our carriage ma'am," cried Tom; and, as he passed, whether on purpose or by accident cannot be known, he threw down, with one stroke of his whip, Frank's triumphal arch.

The moment they were out of the room, scarcely was the door shut, when Mary and Frank, both at once, began to express their opinions in no gentle terms of master Tom.

"What a very disagreeable creature; what a shockingly stupid, ignorant boy," said Frank.

"What a very ill-humoured, horribly ill-mannered boy," said Mary.

"Gently, gently," said her mother, "lest I should think you *horribly* ill-natured.

"But, mamma, can you like a boy," said Mary, "who is neither sensible nor well-bred, nor good-natured, nor good-tempered?"

"No, my dear; did I say that I liked him?"

"Then I do not understand you, mamma. You are just of the same opinion as we are, and yet—"

"And yet I do not express it so violently."

"I acknowledge I was wrong to say he was *horribly* ill-natured. But I cannot help thinking he is shockingly stupid. My dear ma'am, only think of his not remembering the humming bird, or the vampyre bat, or any one thing he saw at the museum," said Mary.

"And think of his not having read any one of all the books we have read," said Frank, "and not wishing for any of them when we offered to lend them."

"Yes, mamma, only consider that he is a year older than Frank."

"Almost," said Frank.

"And half a head taller," said Mary; "yet Frank knows so much more than he does, and reads so much better: even his mother said so, indeed, mamma."

"I do not doubt it, Mary."

"But you do not seem glad of it, mamma: I do not quite understand why."

"My dear, I am glad that Frank knows how to read, and to read well for a boy of his age; but I need not be glad to find that another boy reads ill."

"No," said Frank, "that would be ill-natured; besides, his poor mother is so sorry for it."

"There was some truth, was not there, mamma," continued Mary, "in what the boy said, though he said it very disagreeably, that his mother ought to have taught him to read well, and write, and spell before this time."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear mother," said Frank, "for having taught me all these things; particularly if what that boy said be true, that there is no time at school for learning such things afterwards. Is this true, mamma?"

"It may be true in this instance; but we must not judge of all schools by one, nor of any school by what one boy says of it."

"Whenever Frank goes to school, mamma, his schoolfellows and every body will see that he has been taught something—a great deal too," said Mary.

"Something, but not a great deal," said his mother. "What appears to you a great deal, compared with an unfortunate boy, who has not been taught any thing, will appear very little compared with others, who have learnt a great deal."

"That is true, I suppose," said Mary.

"That is true, certainly," said Frank.

"But, mamma, do not you think," resumed he, "that Tom's mother will directly set about, and try to teach him all those things which I taught her—I mean all the things she said I knew so much better than her son, and that she would give the world if he knew as well as I do?—Why do you smile, mamma?"

A sudden thought, a sudden light seemed to come across Frank's mind at this moment; his countenance changed, his look of self-satisfaction vanished; and in a tone of mortification and vexation, he exclaimed: "Perhaps that woman was laughing at me all the while! Oh mother, oh Mary, what a fool I have been."

Frank hid his face in his hands.

"My dear, dear Frank," said Mary, going to comfort him, "I am very sorry I asked you to tell her all you knew. But, mamma, it is that foolish mother's fault if she laughs at Frank. Why should he blame himself? Was not he very good to tell her what would be of so much use to her stupid Tom? Was not Frank good-natured, mamma?"

"No, no," said Frank, "I did not do it from good-nature to the boy, I forgot him; I wanted to show his mother how much I knew. Now I am sure that woman is laughing at me, and that boy too is, I dare say, laughing at me this instant; that is the worst of it."

"No," said his mother, "I do not think *that* is the worst of it. It is of little consequence to you what that lady or that boy thinks of you, since she is, as you say, but a foolish woman, and the boy but a stupid boy; and you may perhaps never see them again in your life."

"I hope that I never may," said Frank. "Mamma, I am provoked with myself. I thought, after what happened, mamma, about the flattering lady, long ago, I was cured for life of loving flattery."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "that was too much to expect from one lesson. You will find this love of flattery returning upon you, as long as you have any vanity."

"And how long shall I have any vanity, do you think, ma'am?

"As long as you are a human creature, I am afraid, my dear, you will have some vanity; but watch over it, and you will conquer it, so far as to prevent it from making a fool of you."

"I will try to conquer it," said Frank. "But, mamma," continued he, after a pause, during which he seemed to be thinking very deeply, "if I really see that I am better, or know more than other people—I mean than other boys of my age—how can I help being pleased with myself? And is this to be called vanity?"

"That depends upon whether you are or are not too much pleased with yourself, and whether you do or do not overvalue yourself. Even that boy, Mary, whom you think *shockingly* stupid, may be superior to Frank in some things.

"Perhaps so," said Mary doubtfully.

"Certainly, in Latin," said Frank; "for he said he was reading Virgil, and you know that I have not yet learnt the Latin grammar. I will try to improve myself in Latin before I go to school; because, if even this boy knows so much more than I do, I suppose I shall find almost every boy at school knows more of Latin than I do."

"That is very likely, my dear," said his mother.

"Well then," said Frank, "there is no danger of my being vain, mamma, when I go to school, and see other boys cleverer than myself."

"True, my dear; that is one great advantage of going to a public school; you will live with a number of boys of your own age; you will be compared with them, and you will then find what you really do know, and what you do not know. We are never so vain of that which we are certain we know well, as of that of which we are doubtful."

"I have observed that of myself, mamma," said Frank. "Even this morning, I did not feel vain of my reading, because I was quite sure I could read, and I did not want to *show that off*.

"When you go to school," said Mary, "take care to talk always of the things you know quite well, and of those things only, that you may not be laughed at."

"And, if you will take my advice, Frank," said his mother, "even of the things you know, talk only to those who want to hear of them, and then your companions will like you."

"I should be very sorry to be disliked by my schoolfellows," said Frank.

"Disliked! Oh, it is impossible that they should dislike Frank, he is so good-natured," said Mary. "Mamma, I hope he will not go to school this great while. When will he go, mamma?"

"In about a year and a half," said his mother.

"Then we need not think about it now," said Mary; "a year and a half is such an immense time!"

"In that year and a half I shall have plenty of time," said Frank, "to learn the Latin grammar, that I may not be finely flogged, as the boy said, when I go to school; and, in a year and a half, I shall have time enough to cure myself of my vanity, mamma, and of all my faults."

"Mamma, except vanity, what are Frank's faults?" said Mary; "I did not know he had any."

"Oh, my dear, I must have some; but except vanity, what faults have I, mamma? Will you tell them all to me."

"Cure that one first, my dear," said his mother, "and then I will try and find another for you."

"If you can, ma'am," said Mary; "in the mean time I will put by his triumphal arch; and let us go out, now it has done raining, and let us have a good race."

"Aye," said Frank, "for do you remember, that boy asked whether I could run, mamma. He said, that he never knew a boy, bred up at home, that could run. Now, I dare to say that I can run as well as he can, and"——*better* he would have said, but, checking himself, he added, "I will not say what I was going to say, lest some people should call it vanity, but it is very true notwithstanding."

In pursuance of his good resolution to learn the Latin grammar before he went to school, Frank said he would get up at six o'clock the next morning to learn his lesson. Unluckily, he overslept himself, and dreamed that he was getting up and dressing, till he was wakened by his cuckoo clock striking nine. It was now, as he thought, too late to do much, but he dressed himself as fast as he could, and he learned the first declension, and said it that day to his father, without missing one word. The next day, and many succeeding days, he learned an example of one of the declensions, which he said with equal success; and his father having explained to him the three degrees of comparison, he went through them superlatively well.

"But oh! Mary," said Frank, "what comes next? All these verbs! And," said he, sighing, "when I come to this, what shall I do? I will read it to you, Mary, and understand it if you can."

"The subjunctive mood differs not in form from the potential, but is always rendered into English as if it were the indicative; it is subjoined to another verb going before it in the sentence, and has therefore some conjunction or definitive word joined to it, as *eram miser cum amarem*, I was a wretch when I loved."

"No," said Frank interrupting himself, "he should say, 'I was a wretch when I learned the Latin grammar.'"

"I do not understand this grammar at all," said Mary.

"It is very hard to understand, indeed," said Frank.

"I did not know that Latin grammar was so difficult," said Mary. "Very different from English grammar, at least as papa taught it to us."

"That was easy work, indeed," said Frank: "after my father had once explained to us what is meant by a verb, and a noun, and a pronoun, and a noun substantive, and a noun adjective, I remember that I understood them all, and found out the verb, noun, and adjective in the first sentence he spoke."

"Yes," said Mary, "I remember the first sentence was, '*Frank, shut the green door*'."

"Aye, fine easy work," said Frank; "but listen to this."

"Of verbs ending in *o*, some are actives transitive, when the action of it passes on the noun following."

Mary groaned.

"All you can do is to learn it by rote, without understanding it," said she.

"But it is so difficult to learn by heart what one does not understand," said Frank, "especially as I have never been used to it."

"It seems to me very difficult even to read this grammar," said Mary, looking at its pale, ill printed pages.

"Yes, my dear, it really is; with all these italics too, and all these strange words, *thereto, behoveth, deponent, transitive*, words that are never met with any where but in the Latin grammar. I assure you, Mary, I find it difficult, even I, who read so easily in general."

Frank's lesson was not well learned this day; the next it was worse, and the next worse again. The grammar, as he said, grew more and more difficult; or, as his father said, he took less and less pains, and his father was not pleased with him. Then Frank told his mother, that he began to dislike the Latin grammar exceedingly, and that he did not know why he should go on learning it.

"Do you forget, my dear Frank," said Mary, "what that boy said—'You will be flogged when you go to school, if you do not know the Latin grammar?'"

"Is that true, mamma," said Frank? "But here is papa just come in from riding, I will ask him, because he has been at school himself, and he knows."

His father assured him, that at the school to which he went, flogging had been the constant punishment for those who did not know their Latin lessons; and he believed," he said, "that this continued to be the case at most schools in England."

"In *most* schools, papa, but not in all; then I hope you will be so kind as to send me to a school where I shall not be flogged."

"But even if you are not flogged, you will be punished in some other way, if you do not learn the Latin grammar."

"Papa," said Frank, "in general I understand the use of the things you desire me to learn, but I do not know the use of this Latin grammar."

"Nor can I explain it to you till you have learnt more

of the language," answered his father. "But I assure you, that it is necessary to know it, that you may understand Latin."

"And why must I understand Latin, papa?"

"You do not know enough yet, my dear Frank," answered his father, "to understand all the reasons; but some of them I can explain to you—many entertaining and instructive books are written in that language."

"But, papa," interrupted Frank, "are not there translations of those books?"

"Of some there are, but there is much greater pleasure in reading them in the original language in which they were written."

"But suppose I could live without that pleasure, papa," said Frank; "many men do, do not they? and almost all women. I think I could go on without it, though I am a man."

"Perhaps, though you are a man, as you say, that you could, if you were not a gentleman; but it is thought a necessary part of a gentleman's education, that he should understand Latin.

Frank sighed.

"And Greek too, in these countries," continued his father.

Frank sighed again. "Cannot that be altered, papa?"

"Certainly not by you, or by your sighs, Frank," said his father. "In our country a man cannot be of any of

what are called the liberal professions; he cannot be a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman; and now indeed he cannot well be an officer, either in the army or navy, without understanding Latin. The thing is so, my boy; make the best of your time now, and when you grow up to be a man you will feel the advantage of what yo now learn.

"But it will be a great while before I shall be a man," said Frank. "I need not learn the Latin grammar yet."

"You will very soon be a school-boy, and then you will feel the advantage of having learned it."

"Remember! Remember!" said Mary, in a tone of warning.

"Yes, I remember; but it is very disagreeable, Mary, to learn any thing only to avoid a flogging.

"And very disagreeable the other way," said Mary, "very disagreeable, I should think, to have a flogging."

"Papa," said Frank, "there is one other question I should like to ask, if it would not be wrong."

"It cannot be wrong for you, Frank, to ask me any question; if I do not think proper to answer it I shall tell you so; only make haste, because I cannot stand here talking or listening to you, my dear, all day."

"Only one minute more, papa. Why cannot you be so very good, papa, as to teach me Latin yourself; if you would, I should work hard at the Latin grammar, and I should take more pains than I would to avoid a flogging. You need not smile and shake your head,

papa; only try me, you will see that I shall keep my promise."

"I do not doubt that you would endeavour to keep it, Frank," said his father, "but I must send you to school. I cannot tell you all my reasons, but one of them you shall know; I am obliged, next year, to leave England, on some public business."

"How very unlucky for me that public business is," said Frank.

"Perhaps not unlucky for you, Frank. Even if I were not engaged in this business, I think I should send you to school. You have no brother at home, no companion of your own age."

Mary looked up earnestly. "Oh papa, I am only a very little younger."

"But you are a girl, my dear," said he, "and a very obliging, gentle little girl; he would grow effeminate if he lived only with gentle girls and women. He must be roughed about among boys, or he will never be a man, and able to live among men. He is too much an object of our constant attention at home, and he would learn to think himself of too much consequence."

Frank said he would not think himself of too much consequence. He assured his father he would cure himself of vanity, if he would but be so kind as not to send him to school, or at least to send him only during the time he was obliged to be absent from England. Frank could not conceive, he said, what harm it could do him to be an object of his father and mother's constant

attention. He observed, that he had heard every body say (even that foolish mother) how fortunate it was for him, that he had parents who had taught him so much, and who had given so much attention to him.

His father replied, that it was impossible that Frank could judge upon this point, what was best for himself; therefore, after having given him his reasons, as far as Frank could understand them, he said he must submit to the decision of his parents. Frank was sorry for it; but he resolved to make the best of it, and Frank thanked his father for having staid to talk to him and to explain his reasons.

"Now that I am convinced that it is necessary that I should learn Latin, I shall set about it in earnest; and I am sure that I shall do it," said Frank.

His father, who was going out of the room, as Frank said this, looked back, and observed, that even when boys are convinced that a thing is necessary to be done, they have not always resolution to do it when it is disagreeable. Frank thought he was an exception to this general rule.

Upon the strength of his desire to show his resolution, Frank got through the pronouns, and their declensions; also, with the assistance of his mother's repeatedly hearing him, he accomplished learning an example of the first conjugation of verbs active in *o*. In the second conjugation, he found some tenses so easy, that he thought he could say them without taking pains to learn them. The consequence of his not taking pains was, that when he

went to his father to say this lesson, the book was returned to him three times. His resolution weakened by degrees. Though convinced that he must at some time learn the Latin grammar, he did not see why he should learn it before he went to school. In short, the idea of the flogging at some months' distance, or the shame that he might then be made to feel, was not sufficient to make him resist the present pleasure of running out to play with Mary, or building his house, or reading some entertaining story. Every morning he was in a hurry to get away from his Latin grammar, yet his haste seemed to make him slow. He did not fix his attention upon what he was doing; so that he was much longer about it than he need to have been. What he could have learned perfectly well by heart in ten minutes, he seldom knew tolerably at the end of an hour. Even though his poor mother, during that hour, complied at least ten times with his request, of——

"Will you let me say it now, mamma," or, "this once more, mother;" or, "I am sure I know it now, mamma; this time, I am quite certain, I have it, ma'am."

No human patience, not even the patience of a mother, could bear this every day. She made a rule, that in future she would not hear him repeat his lesson to her more than three times any one morning. Then he went to Mary to beg of her to hear him. She held the book in her hand as often as he pleased, but she was not exact enough to be of much use. She did not attend to the ending of the verbs while he said them; and, indeed, he

gabbled them sometimes so fast, that a more experienced ear than Mary's might have been puzzled. He became very careless. Mary one day said to him—

"My dear Frank, I know you will come to disgrace, if you do not take care."

Mary was right; Frank's day of disgrace came at last.

It was May-day; it was a fine morning. Frank ran out early to his garden, with Mary, to gather branches and flowers to ornament a bower, in which they intended to ask their father and mother to drink tea in the evening.

"But, Frank, be sure that you have your Latin lesson."

"Yes, yes," said Frank, "I learned it last night, and I shall have no time to look it over before I say it to papa this morning."

"When will you look it over?" said Mary.

"When we go in," said Frank; "it is not seven o'clock yet."

But time passed quickly, while they were gathering flowers, and dressing their arbour. It was nine o'clock, and the breakfast bell rang, before they went in. Frank had not a moment's time to look over his verb.

It was *esse, to be, indicative mood, present tense.* Frank said over to himself, as he went along the passage to his father's room, *Sing. sum es est: plur. sumus estis;* but for *sunt* he was obliged to look in the book.

He felt sure that he had not his lesson perfectly well,

and he was unwilling to open the door of his father's room. He was glad when he found that his father was gone down stairs. A gentleman had come to breakfast with him. "How lucky," thought Frank. No, it was most unfortunate in the end for him; because this sense of escape made him more careless.

After breakfast, his father went out to ride with the friend who had breakfasted with him; and his last words to Frank, as he left the breakfast room, were, "Frank, I shall have time to hear you say your Latin verb when we return—when I am dressing before dinner. Take care that you learn it perfectly."

"Yes, papa," he replied, and he intended to go and learn it directly; he *only just* staid to look at his father and the gentleman mounting their horses, and to see them go through the gate. Then he went to his mother's room, where Mary was soon settled at her work; and he stood with his Latin grammar in his hand. But, though his eyes were upon the book, and though his lips pronounced

Preterimperfect, eram, eras, erat; eramus, eratis, erant.

his thoughts were upon a little horse, with a long tail, which he hoped his father would buy for him. Then, recollecting himself, he went on to—

Preterperfect, fui, fuisti, fuit; fuimus, fuistis, fuerunt, vel fuere.

But, between this and the preterpluperfect, came a vision of a saddle and bridle. The idea of various

pleasant rides he might take with his father, disturbed him many times in his progress through the potential mood.

Mary had completely finished all her morning lessons before he came to the participle future in *rus*.

His mother was going out to plant some flowers in her garden. Before she went, she offered to hear Frank his lesson. He tried to say it, but he made half a dozen mistakes; he was sure he should have it, however, before she returned.

Mary would not go out without him, and took up a book to amuse herself till he should be ready.

He went on, dividing his attention between his grammar, which lay upon a chair, and Mary, who sat at a table at some distance.

"*Imperative mood, present tense, sis, es, esto.* I cannot conceive what is the matter with me this morning, that I cannot get this by heart, Mary, what's that beautiful book you have there?"

"Cowper's Poems," said Mary. "I am looking at the prints."

"*Plural, simus, sitis, este, estote.* What is this?" said he, looking over her. "'Verses supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island.' How very extraordinary! do you know, my dear Mary, I was just thinking that I would play at Robinson Crusoe when I went out."

"Well, make haste then, and come out," said Mary.

"*Simus, sitis, este, estote, sint, sunto.* But let me

look at Robinson Crusoe's verses," said Frank; and he read them.

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

"My dear Frank, do get your lesson," interrupted Mary.

"Well, I am getting it," said Frank, running back to his book.

"*Potential mood; sim, sis, sit; simus, sitis, sint.*" Then again to the verses :—

"I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own."

"*Preter-imperfect; essem, esses, esset; essemus, essetis, essent.* What is that, Mary, about the death of a bulfinch, killed by a rat?"

"And Bully's cage, supported, stood,
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large built, and latticed well."

As Mary was curious to know what happened to Bully, she let him read on. And full a quarter of an hour was spent upon the dream that disturbed poor Bully's rest. Nor was it till he came to something about the bacchanalians, which they neither of them understood that she begged him again to go to his lesson.

"*Preter-pluperfect,*" said he, running back to the

chair, and glancing his eye upon the book; "*fuissem, fuisses, fuisset; fuissemus, fuissetis, fuissunt.*"

He did not look long enough to see that he should have said *fuissent.*

"Now I have it really quite perfect," concluded he, "and I will say it the moment my mother comes in. What is this about a parrot?"

He turned over the book from one thing to another, reading bits here and there. "Oh, Mary! look at these lines, '*On the receipt of my mother's picture.*'"

"But what is this in prose," said Mary, peeping between the leaves in another place, while Frank read on about my mother's picture.

"What is this, Frank, about three hares; Puss, Tiney, and Bess?"

Frank turned to it, and began to read it with great delight. He had just come to the introduction of a hare to a spaniel that had never seen a spaniel, and of a spaniel to a hare that had never seen a hare, when his mother returned. She had come in on purpose to hear him his lesson. But his head was so full of the hares, the parrot, the bulfinch, and "My Mother's Picture," that he could not get beyond the imperative mood. Ashamed, he took back the book, which his mother returned to him.

"What can you have been doing, Frank, all this time?" said she.

He told her what they had been reading; and indeed had a great mind to read the lines about "My Mother"

over again to her. He assured her, that if she would *only just* let him read them, it would put them out of his head, and then he should be able to mind better his verb. She refused, however, to listen to his reading, and advised him to go away from these books and from Mary, and to learn his verb in his own room, where there was nothing to distract his attention.

"No, mamma, I think I had better learn it in the room with you, because you know it is right to be able to do things in the room with other people."

"If you can, Frank," said his mother. She desired Mary to go out. Mary went out; and his mother sat down to write a letter, telling Frank, that when she had finished it, she would hear his lesson again. He looked it over, and, in a few minutes, his book came across the paper on which she was writing.

"Be so good, mamma, as to hear me now."

"Frank, you cannot have learned it well in this time. Look it over again; remember this is the third and last time of my hearing it for you."

"Yes, ma'am, but I am sure I have it perfectly."

No such thing: he could not recollect the future tense. He grew very red; he was much provoked with himself and with his grammar. He looked out of the window, to see what Mary was doing. She was lingering near the house, waiting for him. Soon he knocked at the window, and beckoned to her, and begged her to come in and hear him his verb once more. The future tense was right this time; but he could

not get through the imperative mood without many mistakes.

"Well, well, Mary," cried he, "that does not signify; I have it perfect all but that, and I shall remember it, I am sure, when I have been out and refreshed my memory."

"You had better look it over once more," argued Mary.

His mother gave him the same advice.

"And I will stay and hear you again," said Mary.

No; Frank now declared he was sure that saying it over and over so often to his mother and Mary, only puzzled him, and that he could not learn it any better till after he had been out. As Mary was also eager to go to finish their bower, she did not urge her good advice farther, and out they went.

"Now, my dear," said Frank, "I will tell you my grand scheme, which has been running in my head all the morning.—We must remove your bower to my Robinson Crusoe's island."

Mary in vain objected, that it would take a great deal of time to remove the bower, and that she thought it was better where it was, in her garden, than in a desart island. Frank's heart was fixed upon this scheme. He assured her that it would soon be accomplished, if she would help him, and work hard. She helped him, and they worked hard; and, in two hours' time, the branches of hawthorn were dragged to Robinson Crusoe's island. The new bower was completed. Frank

then returned to the house, intending to look over his verb again. But a new project occurred; he must have Robinson Crusoe's parrot in Robinson Crusoe's bower.

With some difficulty, and after a quarter of an hour spent in entreaty, he prevailed on the housekeeper to lend him her parrot, and to let him carry Poll, in its cage, out to his desart island. And when, after many times changing its place, Poll was fixed in the best situation in the bower, Frank wanted to teach her to cry Robinson Crusoe, while Poll would say nothing but, "*Good boy, Frank;*" a phrase which Frank had formerly taught her, with the help of many lumps of sugar. Many more were now spent in trying to make her change "*Good boy, Frank,*" into "*Robinson Crusoe*"—in vain.

"Poll will say it to-morrow, perhaps," said Mary.

But Frank persisted, that she must say it to-day, because it would surprize papa and mamma, and delight them so much when they came to drink tea here, in Robinson Crusoe's island.

"There! there!" exclaimed Mary, "did you hear that?"

"What?" said Frank.

"The dressing bell."

"Impossible, my dear; it was only a bell in your ears."

Mary ran home to inquire whether she was right or wrong, and presently returned, with the assurance that

she was quite right. It was the dressing bell; and she earnestly begged Frank would come in now and look over his lesson.

"This instant; only let me stay till Poll has said her lesson. She is just going to say it, I know by the look of her head, all on one side."

Poll sat mute; Frank presented his last bit of sugar, and commanded her to say Robinson Crusoe; she answered with her tiresome "*Good boy, Frank.*" He suddenly withdrew the sugar, and she, pursuing it with her beak, sharply bit his finger. Provoked with the parrot, and not well pleased with himself, he slowly followed Mary homewards. He was longer than usual dressing, because the finger which Poll had bitten was disabled, so that he could hardly button his clothes; and, when he came to look over his Verb, the pain distracted his attention—at least so Mary supposed, for he could not say it when she heard him.

"You always make the same mistake," said she. "You say *essunt* instead of *essent*.

"Well, let me go on; you put me out, Mary. Don't tell me next time—don't tell me."

She did not tell him, and he could not go on. He desired to be told. And—Oh, how hard it is to satisfy a person, who is not satisfied with himself!—he then declared he was just going to have said it, if she had not told him; and the next time she corrected a mistake, that he made in the participles, he was sure she was wrong, and told her so rather roughly.

"Nay, Frank, when I have the book before my eyes: do you think I cannot read?" said Mary.

He snatched the book from her hand, and saw that he was wrong. He could not go on: in a passion, he threw himself on the ground, and rolled on the carpet, declaring he could not and would not learn this horribly difficult verb.

But at this instant the sound of horses' feet was heard. Frank started up, forgot his passion and the parrot's bite, seized the grammar, which he had thrown far from him, and would have given up parrot and arbour, and island, and all, for five minutes more time. "Perhaps," thought he, "my father may not hear me before dinner;"—but his father's voice called—"Frank." —He went into his father's room, and Mary waited in the passage: she was afraid for him.

He staid much longer than usual.

At last when he came out, Mary saw by his face that something was very much the matter.

"Oh," said she, "I knew the day of disgrace would come."

He passed by her quickly, and, sitting down upon the stairs, burst out crying—

"Day of disgrace, indeed! Oh Mary! Mary! my father is very—very—very much—"

Displeased was the word he could not say, but Mary understood it too well.

"What did he say, Frank, my dear?"

"He said, that I am spoilt—that I am grown idle

and good for nothing: and it is very true;—and he will not teach me any more. I am to go to school directly, on Monday. Oh, Mary, to leave home in disgrace!"

Frank sobbed, as if his heart would break, and Mary stood quite silent. The dinner bell rang, and it was necessary to go to dinner, and there was to be that stranger gentleman. Frank suddenly rubbed away his tears, and Mary, standing on the step above him, smoothed down his hair on his forehead. Frank took his place at table, and, as he happened to sit with his back to the light, his red eye-brows were not much seen, and the stranger did not immediately perceive that he was in woe or disgrace.

"Young gentleman," said he, "you shortened our ride this morning: and I can tell you, there are very few fathers who would shorten their morning's ride for the sake of hearing their son's Latin lesson."

Frank, in much confusion, eat his bread as fast as he could, without attempting to speak.

"It is very well for boys," continued the gentleman, who was helping the soup, and who had not yet attended to Frank's countenance, "very happy indeed, for boys who can be got through the Latin grammar without my assistance. Perhaps you do not know that my name is *Birch*."

Still there was silence. Frank could not speak, but Mary answered for him, "No, sir."

"And perhaps," continued he, "you are such happy children, that you do not even know why the name of *Birch* should make you tremble."

The gentleman paused, for now, for the first time, he observed Frank's countenance, and he saw that he was struggling hard to prevent himself from crying. He was a good-natured man, and immediately he changed the subject of his conversation; and, no longer adverting to Frank, talked to his father and mother.

Colonel Birch, for that was the gentleman's name, was an old friend of his father's; he had just returned from the army on the Continent, and he told many entertaining stories of the siege of Badajos, and of the battle of Waterloo. But nothing could entertain Frank. He watched his father's countenance, and scarcely heard or understood any thing that was said, till Colonel Birch related an anecdote of a dog he had with him, who had saved his master's life when he had been left, wounded and helpless, lying among the dead after a battle.

Frank remembered just such another story, and he began to tell it.

"Oh, papa, you know the dog" ....

But his father did not listen to him; and Frank, recollecting that he was in disgrace, stopped short, and, to hide his confusion, leaned down upon the Colonel's dog. The good creature stood quite still, though Frank's arm round his neck was rather inconvenient to him, and though he felt Frank's tears falling upon his head.

Frank, as soon as he could recover himself again sufficiently to let his face appear above the table cloth, began to feed the dog with all that remained on his plate. This, with good management, was an employment that

lasted till dinner ended, and the very moment after grace was said, Frank slid down from his chair, and made his escape out of the room, Mary following him quickly.

She sat quite silent beside him for a little while; but then, starting up, she ran for his Latin grammar, and brought it to him, as he sat with his hands covering his face, and with his elbows leaning on his knees—

"Frank! my dear Frank, sitting this way will do us no good," said Mary. "Look up; had not you better learn *it* now?"

"No, my dear Mary, even that will do us no good now. Papa will never hear it again—he said so."

"Did he say so? You must have made a mistake."

"No, Mary, it is too true."

"Tell me the very words he said."

"He said, 'Frank, I will never hear you say that verb again. Frank, I warned you, and now—' it is all over!" Here Frank's voice failed.

"Well, do not tell me any more. I am sorry I asked you," said Mary. "What shall we do? What can we do?"

"Nothing can be done now," replied Frank, resuming his former posture.

"Oh! miserable May-day!" said Mary. "So happy too as we expected to be this evening. And our arbour, Frank! There," continued she, looking out of the window, "there I see papa and mamma, and the good-natured man, and the dog and all, going out to walk;

and the birds singing so happily, and the flowers so sweet and gay; everybody and every thing happy but ourselves!"

"And I keep you here, poor Mary! Oh! go out—run after them, and leave me," said Frank.

But Mary would not leave him in his day of disgrace.

At sun-set they went out to their island, and to their bower, to bring home poor Poll, who, as Frank recollected, must be hungry, and should not be left there to suffer for a fault of his. Poll was sitting silent and moping, but the moment she saw Frank, she screamed out something like "*Robinson! Robinson Crusoe!*"

"Ah! all in vain now!"

The cage was lifted down from its happy place, and the garlands in the bower were left to fade unseen. Poll was carried home and restored to the housekeeper.

"So soon! How is this, my dear master Frank?" the good old housekeeper began—"What! running away from me without a word! What is the reason of this?"

Mary, turning back, shook her head sorrowfully, and put her finger on her lips. The good housekeeper was too discreet to inquire farther; but, without speaking, she made with her tongue against the roof of her mouth certain well known sounds of sorrow, surprise and commiseration. Then following Frank and Mary, she called after them to tell them that tea was ready, and that their mother had asked where they were.

It was dusk when they went into the drawing-room, and Frank's father and mother and Colonel Birch were so eagerly engaged in conversation, that their entrance at the green door was unnoticed. They sat down at their own little table, at the farthest end of the room, and began to eat their bread and milk, making no noise with jug, cup, or plate. And in this their unusual silence at their end of the room, Frank and Mary heard all that was said at the other end. The conversation, as it was about themselves, was interesting, though they did not understand it all.

Colonel Birch was speaking when they first came in, but what he said was never known clearly. It was lost during the getting upon their chairs, and pouring out the milk. Their mother's voice they heard distinctly, though she sat with her back towards them, and spoke in a very gentle tone.

"I am convinced," said she, "that going to a public school will be of use to him; but I wish only that he should be better prepared before he leaves home."

"My dear madam," replied Colonel Birch, "take my word for it, he will never learn the Latin grammar till he goes to school, and if he do not learn it early, he will never know it well. I am, or at least I have been, half my life a sad example of this truth. From mistaken kindness of my poor mother, God bless and forgive her, I was allowed to be idle at home when I ought to have been working at school: the end of it was, that I never learned Latin at home, was disgraced at college, lost

many opportunities of getting forward in life, went into the army, because it was the only profession I could go into; thought I could do without Latin and Greek; found I was mistaken; was obliged to learn late what I would not learn early—in short, I cannot tell you how much I have suffered, nor what difficulty and toil it has been to me, since I became a man, to make up for what I might have been made to learn with ease in the first ten or twelve years of my life. Oh how often I have wished that my Latin grammar had been well flogged into me!"

"But why *flogged* into you?" said Frank's mother.

"Because, my dear madam, nothing else you see will do. I was willing to make an exception in favour of home teaching, in the hands of my friend here; but when he, even he, a father *comme il y en a peu*, with a son *comme il n'y en a point*, confesses that he cannot get through the conjugation of the verb *to be*, without the aid of Birch, I say the sooner you send the boy to school the better."

Frank and Mary were very sorry they could not make out the meaning of the French words in what Colonel Birch had just said, but they went on listening to what their father answered.

"As to the Latin verb, that is but a trifle in itself, and it appears to me of little consequence whether Frank learn the Latin grammar this year or next; but it is of the greatest consequence to my boy, that he should early learn habits of attention and application. If he

have not resolution enough to apply to what is disagreeable as well as to what is entertaining to him, he will never be a great or good man."

"True," said Colonel Birch; "and many clever boys are spoiled for want of their parents knowing this truth. A man must work hard to be any thing in this world. If a boy is fondled and praised at home, and cried up for every pretty thing he says and does, he will never be able to go through the rough of life afterwards, amongst his fellows, either at school or in the world. However, your boy, certainly, is not spoiled yet; he does not seem to me at all conceited."

"I am afraid that Frank," said his mother, "has lately become a little vain."

"Not a little vain, not a little," said his father.

"Mary," said Frank, in a low voice across their supper table, "papa does not know that I am here. Do you think I ought to go out of the room?"

"No, my dear, why should you? Papa would say the same if he knew you were here."

During this interruption, part of the conversation at the tea-table was lost; but when Frank's conscience again permitted him to attend, he heard his father say—

"It was very well while Frank was a little child to indulge him in reading only entertaining things, to give him a taste for literature. This point is gained; Frank has more knowledge than boys usually have at his age, and is, I confess, a very promising, clever boy."

"Father," cried Frank, coming forward, "I believe you do not know that I am here?"

"An honest boy is here," said his father, putting his hand upon Frank's head; "and we will not spoil him."

"No, it would be a sin such a boy should be spoiled," said Colonel Birch, stroking Frank's head.

Frank slipped from under his hand, and ran out of the room. Mary would have followed him, but he shut the green door too quickly, and bolted it on the other side.

In a quarter of an hour he re-appeared, with his Latin grammar in one hand, and a lighted bougie in the other; and, marching up to Colonel Birch, with a firm step, and head erect,

"Colonel Birch," said he, "will you be so good as to hear me say this lesson; and will you be so kind as to come with me into another room, because my father said, that he would never hear me say this verb again."

Colonel Birch complied with his request, and returning presently reported, that Frank had gone through the verb without missing one word. Mary clapped her hands; and Frank's father was pleased at seeing that he had conquered this the first difficulty he had ever had.

"I think, papa," resumed Frank, who now felt that he might again join in the conversation, "I think, papa, that a great deal of what you said about me is quite true, especially what you said about my idleness; and I dare say it will be best that I should go to school; but, papa, do not send me away from home in disgrace. Let me

try a little longer at home, as mamma said, till I am better prepared. You shall see, that now I can do what is ever so disagreeable to me; and I will get through the Latin grammar, now I am convinced it is so necessary."

"I thought, Frank, that you were convinced before. How shall I be secure," said his father, "that you have more resolution now than you had the last time I made the trial?"

"I was thinking of that, papa," said Frank, "and I will tell you how I will make sure of myself. Mary, here is the key of our book-case; I have put all our entertaining books in it; and I will never read any of them, I will never open that book-case, till I have said my lesson for the day, and learned the next day's lesson too, till mamma says I have it perfectly; and if I should afterwards miss saying it well to you, papa, I will not read any entertaining book that day; not even Robinson Crusoe, which I long to finish; and I will never go out to play with Mary till I have my lesson; and I will never speak to her while I am learning it. Now, papa, you shall see I know how to punish myself, and how to manage myself, if you will but let me try.

His father consented.

"You shall make trial of yourself, Frank, for one week longer," said he, "and, if you keep your resolution, and say your lesson rightly every day that week, I will allow you another week's trial, and so on, till the

time comes, which I had originally fixed for sending you to school."

Frank joyfully thanked his father. And we have the pleasure to assure all those, who are interested about him, that during this week and the next, and the next, and the next, he steadily kept his resolution; and at the end of a month his father was so well satisfied, that he said, "He had no longer any fear that his son should be sent to school in disgrace. He rejoiced that Frank had so far acquired the habit of application, and the power of doing that which is necessary to be done, even though it be a little difficult or disagreeable."

Colonel Birch, who spent this summer in the neighbourhood, was pleased with Frank's resolution.

"I acknowledge," said he, one day, "this is better, madam, than having the Latin grammar flogged into him. A boy, who has acquired this power over himself, may turn it to whatever he pleases to learn; and he will, I do believe, get on without Dr. Birch.

"I hope you see," said Frank, turning to his mother, "that you did not quite spoil me, mamma."

"After all," said Mary, "that one day's disgrace of ours has turned out happily for us. Oh! my dear Frank," cried she, changing her tone, "look what comes here!"

It was a bright black horse, with a long tail, just such a horse as Frank had wished to possess,

"Now Frank," said his father, "that I see you can apply to what it is disagreeable to you to do, I will assist you in what I know will be agreeable to you. I will teach you to ride."

Frank clapped his hands. "Happy! happy!" cried he.

"Every day that your Latin lesson is well said," continued his father, "I will give you a lesson in riding."

"Thank you, thank you, papa, and I will call my horse Felix."

"Gently, Frank, I am not yet sure that I shall buy this horse for you; he is to be left with me for a month on trial, and we shall see whether he is too spirited for you, or you too spirited for him."

"What a pretty creature he is," said Mary. "I hope he will not be too spirited for Frank."

"I hope I shall be too spirited for him," said Frank. "May I get upon him now, papa?"

"No, my dear; you must begin with the old poney your brothers used to ride."

His mother observed, that Frank was, she thought, so young, that he was scarcely yet strong enough to manage even the old poney; or, as Frank would call it, the *tame* poney.

"But it is not strength that always wins, mamma," said Frank; "as our copybook says, 'Wisdom doth strength excel.'"

"You are wisdom itself, no doubt," answered his mother, smiling. "But," continued she, addressing herself to his father, "I remember that my brother, who rides very well now he is a man, never was upon a horse till he was almost twice as old as Frank. My father used to be afraid of his acquiring too strong a taste for riding, and of his wanting to go out scampering, as he said, and fox hunting, with all the young and old idlers of the country. He thought that teaching a boy to ride, when he is very young, usually leads him into mischief. Is it necessary that Frank should ride so very early?"

"It is not necessary—not essential," replied his father; "but I think it will be useful to Frank, who has not now the advantage of being with his brothers, or with any other boys with whom he might learn those exercises that make boys active and courageous; when he goes to school, and mixes with companions of his own age, he should be equal to them in body as well as in mind. Boys, who have been carefully brought up at home, have often something effeminate or precise about them; perhaps they do not know how to leap, or to run, or to ride; for this they are laughed at by their school-fellows, and they often get into mischief, merely to show that they are manly. Many a one has turned out a mere fox-hunter, because he was not allowed to ride when he was a boy, and because he was laughed at by his companions for being subject to some prohibition against horses. Frank's first pleasure in riding shall

be with his father, and not with some vulgar groom or gamekeeper. Then as he grows older he will feel the advantage of having acquired a good seat early upon a horse. And he will not be liable to be either ridiculed or flattered about his riding. He will enjoy the real pleasure, I hope, as much as I do; but he will not overvalue the accomplishment, or think it necessary to leap seven-barred gates every day of his life, to prove that he is a man, or that he is what boys call manly."

Frank, who had been patting and stroking the black horse all the time his father had been speaking, looked anxiously at his mother, to see whether she was convinced; and though he did not hear what she answered, he knew by her countenance, that she was quite satisfied, and so was he.

The old poney was now ordered out, and Frank was mounted upon him, and the reins were put into his hands. Frank's father led him about, and he liked it very much; but the next day he was to go by himself; and, before he had gone an hundred yards, he was thrown off, or rather he slipped off. He was not hurt, but he was frightened, and seemed rather unwilling to mount the poney again.

"Up again, my boy," said his father.

Frank scrambled up again upon the poney, and rode two or three times round the field with his father, much to his own delight and to Mary's, who stood watching him. After he had learned to sit tolerably well in walk, trot, and canter, his father put him upon the poney

without a saddle, with only a piece of cloth tied round the horse, and without stirrups. And now he was to sit him while the horse was rung.

That is, while a man held the horse by a long bridle, and made him go round and round in a circle; at first slow, then faster and faster, and as fast as he could go.

The first day at the ring, Frank was off and up again continually; but, by degrees, he conquered this difficulty; and he soon sat so well in the ring, that he allowed Mary to come and look at him.

At first she used to hide her face in her hands, and would call to the man to beg him not to make the horse go so fast. But Frank laughed, for he could now laugh on horseback, and he felt that habit had made that easy to him, which had appeared alarming at first.

And now he was ambitious to mount the little black horse.

"Mary, now you may run to the window; Felix is brought out; I am just going to try him," said Frank.

Frank got up, but scarcely was he in his saddle set, when, Mary too hastily opening the window, the horse gave a little start. Frank, frightened, pulled, by mistake, the curb rein very tight: immediately the horse reared, and Frank slipped off behind. Mary foolishly screamed, and the horse set out, on full gallop, across the lawn.

Frank stood upon his legs again unhurt, but looking rather embarrassed.

Mary was exceedingly sorry for what she had done. She was warned, that she must never open a window suddenly when anybody on horseback is near it. And she was blamed for her want of presence of mind in screaming, which Frank's father told her was the most foolish thing she could possibly do in any danger. His father observed, that if Frank would have waited a minute to listen to his instructions about the bridles when first he mounted the horse, he would probably not have made the mistake which caused the accident.

"But," said he, "upon the whole I am glad it has happened, because I now see that the horse did not kick when you were upon the ground, and I shall have confidence in it in future."

Frank's confidence in Felix, however, seemed a little diminished; and, when the servant, who had now caught the horse, brought him to the door, Frank looked doubtfully at him. Mary, who was standing on the steps, exclaimed—

"Oh, papa, do not let Frank get upon that horse again, pray! pray! papa! Pray do not, sir; I am sure he will run away with him."

"Mary, go in; you must not make a coward of Frank," said his father, in a commanding voice. "I must forbid you, Mary, ever to come to these steps or to that window to see him mount on horseback."

"No, no, pray do not forbid her, papa; she will not make a coward of me. Look, I am up."

And, as he spoke, he seated himself with such deci-

sion, that his father saw he had completely conquered his fear.

Now master of the reins and of himself, he rode off with his father; and, if any further apprehensions arose again in the course of this day's ride, from the unusual pulling of the horse, these fears were at least well subdued.

Mary's face was at the window when he returned, but she took care not to open it. He came home quite safely, and proudly patted his horse as he alighted. Then he took off his glove, and showed Mary the palm of his left hand, which was in one place quite raw, and bleeding, his hand having been cut by a stone when he fell from the horse on the gravel-walk.

"Mamma, look; was not he courageous," cried Mary, "to ride that pulling horse with the reins in this bleeding hand?"

Frank observed, that he believed bearing pain was called only fortitude, not courage.

But his father allowed, that he had also shown some of that best sort of courage, which comes from the mind.

In an hour's time his hand swelled, and grew very painful; and his father desired, that for some days, till it should be quite recovered, he should ride the old poney, and hold the reins in his right hand.

Frank was impatient for his hand to be well, that he might again ride the black horse; he felt pleasure in the hope of conquering the difficulty, and was eager to run

a little danger to prove that he was not a coward. But the hand festered, and a week passed before it was well.

One morning his mother was so kind as to stop, even in the midst of reading some letters she had just received, to dress his hand.

He was surprised by Mary's not coming to look at the dressing of his wounds, as it was her usual custom. She was intent upon another subject.

"Mamma," said she, "have you finished with Frank's hand."

"Yes, my dear, and it is almost entirely well," said Frank.

"Then I may ask a question—you were reading a letter just now, mamma. Who was it from? And what was it about, mamma?"

My dear Mary, it is not proper to ask people who their letters are from, or what they are about.

"I did not know that, mamma; I will not do it again," said Mary. "I only asked, because I thought it was something about Frank, for you looked as if you were considering."

"I was considering; but it was nothing about Frank. I was considering about the affairs of a man in Jamaica."

"Oh, if it is nothing about Frank," said Mary, "I do not care. I did not guess right by your face, mamma, this time."

"No; but I must tell you another thing, Mary, which you do not yet know."

"What, mamma?"

"That you should not try to guess by my countenance what my letters are about."

"Indeed!"

"No; because they might be about something, which I do not choose to tell you."

"But I cannot help guessing whether it is good or bad, when I look at you or any body reading a letter, mamma; therefore, I suppose, the *best* way would be—indeed, the only good way must be—not to look at you at all. So, mamma, while you are reading the rest of those letters, or notes, I will turn my back to you, and go on with my own affairs, pasting my pocket book: though there is, amongst those, a note with very pretty coloured edged paper; but, I believe, I should not have seen it, and I will not ask any thing about it, mamma."

Mary and Frank went on minding their own affairs, till their mother called to them; and read the note with the pretty edged paper.

"Mrs. J——'s compliments."

"And who is Mrs. J——?" interrupted Mary.

"Oh, my dear, the silly mother, that's her name, don't you remember," cried Frank.

"Call her Mrs. J——, Frank, I desire," said his mother. "This note is to invite us to dinner on Thursday, and you and Mary are particularly asked to meet some young people."

"Thursday is the last day of master Tom's holidays," cried Frank; "he told me so the morning we went

there, mamma. But I do not want to see him again, for I do not like him much."

"But you cannot, in this world, see only the people you like, Frank; besides, you have not seen enough to know, whether you ought to like him or not; and, at all events, it will be good for you to see boys of different sorts before you go to school."

Frank and Mary went with their mother to dine with Mrs. J———. The young people, who had been expected, did not come. Mrs. J——— made many apologies; she had been disappointed by every one—she had no company *but themselves*.

Before Frank had been in the room with master Tom many minutes, Tom pulled him by the sleeve, as a sign that he wanted to speak to him, without being heard by his mother.

"This was to have been my hanging day," said Tom, "but I have got off."

"Hanging day," said Frank, "what can you mean?"

"Why, *you*, that have never been at our school, there is no talking to you," replied Tom, "you cannot understand *trap*."

Frank did not yet understand even what was meant by trap.

"In plain English, then, since nothing else will do for you, we call hanging day the day before we go to school; but I have got off; I am not to go to school again—to that school, at least."

Tom could explain no farther, for dinner was announced.

The fact was, that Mrs. J——— had been made ashamed of her son's vulgar manner of speaking and behaving, especially that morning, when she paid her first visit to Frank's mother; and Tom, taking advantage of this, persuaded her, that "it was all the fault of the school," and prevailed upon his mamma not to send him there again.

She said, she was now determined to put Tom to a school where manners should be the prime consideration—she would spare no expense to make him quite a gentleman.

In the mean time, he was suffered to behave like what his mother continually told him that he was, "quite a little bear."

At dinner he paid no attention to any thing that passed in conversation; he was thinking of nothing but *getting* what he liked best to eat; then devoured it as fast as possible; then fidgetted, called all the servants, and looked sulky and injured till he had something more.

He had a number of dislikes: he told his mamma he could not bear—could not touch—several things, which she offered to put on his plate.

During dinner his mother talked to him, and of him, at different times, nearly in the following manner:—

"My dear Tom, how you do eat: you are positively quite a little epicure—absolutely a little cormorant!"

"But," turning to Frank's father and mother, "they

do make children so fond of eating at those schools, by not giving them good things constantly. I cannot bear to see children gormandize; but for the little time poor Tom is to be at home with me, it cannot signify, you know, ma'am."

"So, Tom, you are very fond, are you, of being at home with mamma?"

Not a word in answer from Tom, but a large piece put into his mouth.

"Well, but sit up, my dear; you are quite a bear.—Ma'am, you must know, he has wheedled me into letting him stay a little longer at home—indeed!" added she in a whisper, "he is the most affectionate creature, though his manner is so shy.—But put down your knife, my dear, do pray!—excuse him, sir, he is in such spirits to-day, he does not mind what any body says to him.—But Tom! Tom! you forget miss Mary and master Frank. Pray, let me see you think of your young friends—But indeed, ma'am, these schools do make such terrible great bears of one's boys—worse than they naturally are. All boys are naturally little bears, you know. Master Frank, indeed, is an exception; for he looks as if he had never been a little bear, and I am sure he never was and never will be one. But he has a very small appetite, ma'am.—Won't you take something more, my dear: do.—Before he goes to school, you should indulge him in *getting* what he likes, and as much as he pleases; for, as Tom can tell him, he won't find any of these good things at school—Hey, Tom!"

Frank had eaten what he liked, and as much as he liked, which he was usually allowed to do; and he was fond of sweet things, as children naturally are; but they had not been made rewards to him, or proofs of kindness; and he had not been made to think eating a matter of such great consequence, as it appeared to Mrs. J——, and to master Tom.

After dinner Tom was at his mamma's elbow "for his glass of wine." This day it was to be a bumper, because there was company.

"True, my dear, because you must drink all the company's health, and master Frank's in particular."

"Oh, mamma, that's not a fair bumper yet," said Tom.

"Well, now my dear, there's a fair bumper for you—quite a man's bumper.—I will treat you like a man and a gentleman to-day, because, Tom, you were very good to-day, in not swinging on my Chinese gate, which is the only thing, you know, I forbid.—Aye, you remember! you lost your wine once by that—Oh, I am very strict, ma'am, sometimes: pray give me credit. But, Tom! how you tossed it down, without recollecting all the healths—I'm quite ashamed."

Tom, with his head back as far as it could be thrown, was in spite of his mother's shame, trying if a drop more could not be had from the bottom of the glass.

His mother observed, "that it was very odd Tom had learned to like wine so, for she could remember the time when he could not bear the taste of it. But, my

dear master Frank, you must *get* your bumper too—mamma will allow you a bumper this once—to-day, I am sure."

But Frank happened not to like the taste of wine, and he had not been made to like it by its being given to him as a reward, or an indulgence, or a proof of his being treated as a man and a gentleman.

He thanked Mrs. J———, but he drew back his glass as she was going to fill it: he said, he would rather not have any wine.

"Oh, but you must drink your friend Tom's health."

Tom's friend! he is not Tom's friend, thought Mary.

So Frank thought; and, besides, he did not know what good it would do him to drink his health, even if he were his friend.

"Oh, if you don't like it, my dear, I won't insist; because it might make you sick, if you are not used to it, to be sure," said Mrs. J———.

"Mother, do help the strawberries," said Tom, "and give me plenty, mamma—and that big one," whispered he, kissing her.

"When it comes your turn, my darling; but we must not only think of *number one*—when there's company, Tom."

"Mamma, where is your ear," said Tom, putting his mouth close to it and whispering—"That's the reason I hate company."

This observation made his mother laugh, and she

seemed to think it very witty; but she said it was a secret, and she would keep his secret. She heaped up a plate of fruit for him, and bid him eat it, and hold his dear little tongue. But Tom, having swallowed his *man's* bumper, became as talkative as he had before been silent. And Frank and Mary felt ashamed for him, he now talked so loud and such nonsense! And it was all about himself, or his schoolmaster: he told of what clever tricks he played at school, and how he hated his schoolmaster, and how glad he was he had done with him, and he would never go to any school again if he could help it.

"Now, Tom, you are getting vastly too loud, and we can't bear it; and you must go out. No, my sweet love, no more of any thing; and you are dragging my head off with your kisses. Go, now, go out and play, I insist. Take master Frank and miss Mary out, and show them the place, there's a dear boy." Then, turning to Frank's father and mother, she added, "He is so fond of me, there's no getting him out of the room."

But she put him out at last, because, as she truly said, "there was no bearing him any longer." Frank and Mary followed, because they were desired to do so. They did not much like to go with Tom: however, they were glad to be in the fresh air, and to run about in the pretty shrubbery. Mary liked to look at some white rabbits, which Tom said were his mamma's great *pets;* but Mary could not bear to see the manner in which Tom teased and frightened them; he called it *good fun.*

When she turned away, he dragged Frank on, and said, "You will be laughed at finely at school, if you play with little girls. Come, come on, and leave her behind —let her find her own way."

"No," said Frank, stopping short, "I will wait for Mary."

Tom could not pull him on, till Mary came up. They were now within sight of a gate, that opened into a new part of the pleasure ground.

"That's the Chinese gate," said Tom, "and I will have a swing upon it."

Frank asked, if this was not the gate his mother desired, that he would not swing upon.

"Yes, but what signifies," said he, "I shan't break it."

Frank tried to hold him back, saying, "Oh, do not, do not."

But Tom jumped upon the gate, crying, "What a coward you are! Did you never swing upon a gate in your life—it's the best fun; but you don't know what *fun* is, never having been at school, and only with girls, you are so afraid of every thing."

"No," said Frank, "I am not afraid of *every thing*, I am only afraid of doing wrong."

"A fine come off; but I'll tell you what you're afraid of—you are afraid of hurting your sore hand there, after your tumble off the poney."

"Oh, no, no," said Mary.

Tom set the gate swinging; "Now," said he, "are you really such a quiz, then, as to think there's any harm in swinging on a gate?"

"No," said Frank, "I do not think there is any harm in swinging on a gate; but I think it is wrong for you to swing on that gate, because your mother desired you not to do it."

"Nonsense!"

"Come Frank," said Mary, "let us go back to the house; I know the way."

"You'll tell of me, I suppose."

"I shall not say any thing about you," said Frank, "unless I am asked."

"And if you are asked, what will you say?" said Tom.

"The truth, to be sure," said Frank.

"Then you will be a tell-tale," said Tom. "Oh, if I had known what sort of a fellow you were, I would never have trusted you," added Tom, getting off the gate." "You'll never do at school—you'll be sent to Coventry."

"I don't know what that means," said Frank, "but I hope I shall be able to bear it, whatever it is."

"You'll soon find," said Tom, "what you'll have to go through! Why, you'll be hissed out of the world."

Mary looked frightened, but Frank answered, that he believed he could not be hissed out of the world, because it was round.

"Mighty grand!" said Tom, "and all about a gate! What signifies talking any more about such a thing!"

"I don't mean to talk any more about it," said Frank.

"Therefore come away," said Mary; and Frank and Mary went toward the house.

"Very civil, indeed," cried Tom, running after them, and overtaking them; "very civil indeed, to go off and leave me alone; you, who are so polite too, which mamma's always *twitting* me with."

Mary and Frank were summoned to the tea-table the moment after they went in, and Tom's mouth was soon full of plum cake.

But while his mother was setting before him all that he wanted, and more than he could want, she suddenly changed countenance.

"So, Tom, you have actually been on my gate again, in spite of all! You are very ungrateful, Tom, after all."

"But who told you so, ma'am," said Tom.

"My own eyes, sir. What's this?" said his mother, angrily, as she held up and brought opposite to his eyes the flap of his coat, which was streaked with white paint from the freshly-painted gate. "What's this, Tom?"

"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies!" said Tom, turning off abruptly; and, snatching the coat from his mother's hands, he got away, and ran out of the room, clapping the door after him.

"He's off; that's the way he always gets off," said his mother; and, glancing her eye at Frank's coat, she added, "I hope, master Frank, you have not been ruining your coat too?"

Frank stood quite still and said nothing, while she examined him from head to foot.

"You have escaped wonderfully," said she.

"He never touched the gate, ma'am," said Mary.

"No!" said Mrs. J——; "was not he swinging?"

"No, ma'am," said Mary, "he was not."

"Say no more, Mary," said Frank; "papa and mamma never thought I was, I am sure."

His mother smiled, and assured him, that she never had suspected him.

"Then he is really a wonderfully good boy," said Mrs. J——.

Nothing so very wonderful, thought Frank.

"Now really he is an admirable creature. Does the cake make you sick, love? I'm sure there's something in it you don't like. Don't eat it, put it away, my pet, if you don't like it."

There was certainly something Frank did not like; but it was not the cake, for that he finished eating.

"But now, pray, my dear master Frank, how was it that Tom got on the gate after all I said—or did he get upon it; for perhaps I have done him great injustice, and he has a high spirit—how was it?"

Frank said, that if he had done any thing wrong himself, he would tell it; but that he begged she would not ask him any more questions.

His father and mother both came to his support, and said, that they thought he was right, and begged that Mrs. J——— would not question him farther. Their

carriage came to the door, they took leave, drove away, and what happened afterwards they never knew.

Frank's mother said, that they had now seen quite enough of master Tom to be convinced that he could never be a fit friend or desirable companion for Frank. His father was of the same opinion, and Frank and Mary were glad.

"This shows," added his father, "how disagreeable and good for nothing a little boy may be early made, by a vulgar school, and by being spoiled at home. Tom is an example, such as you never saw before, and, I hope, will seldom see again, of the most disagreeable, selfish, vulgar, spoiled schoolboy. But you must not think that all schoolboys are like him. As soon as we have opportunities, you shall see others."

It happened, the first day when Frank's hand was recovered, and when he was mounted on Felix—his reins right, his feet well in the stirrups, his seat firm, the sun shining, and all promising a pleasant ride—just as they were going to set out, that his father saw three persons on horseback coming up the approach.

"Oh, it is all over with our ride, I am afraid," said Frank; "who are these people? One is a little boy—master Tom, papa. His visit will be no great pleasure to you, papa. Nor to me, if I am to lose my ride."

"Nor to me," said Mary, who was standing with her weed-basket in her hand on the grass-plot beside them, "excepting for one reason, mamma: I am glad he should see Frank on horseback, because he seemed to think that Frank could not run, or ride, or do any of those sorts of things. Now Frank can show him."

"Mary! Mary! do not make me show off again," said Frank. "But who are those men along with him?"

One was a groom belonging to master Tom's mother; the other was the horse-dealer, who had left the black horse with Frank's father on a month's trial, and who had engaged to sell the horse to him at the end of that time, for a certain price, if he should be approved. But, in the mean while, this man had been applied to by master Tom's mother, for a horse for Tom; and he found that he could have gained from that lady some guineas more than he had engaged to sell it for to Frank's father; he was, therefore, in hopes that it would be found too spirited for Frank, and that it would be returned to him this day, which was the last of the month's trial. Master Tom was exceedingly anxious to have the horse, and he was in great hopes of it; because his friend, the groom, had told him he had seen Frank riding the old poney several days. Tom was rather surprised when he saw Frank upon the black horse, and, as it appeared, sitting at his ease.

"What, are you got upon Blacky?" said Tom, beginning to talk to Frank, while the horse-dealer was speak-

ing to Frank's father; "I thought you told me you did not know how to ride, when I was here before."

"I did not then, but my father has been teaching me since that time," said Frank.

"Your father! What a bore, to be taught to ride by one's father: I had much better fun. The groom here, Jack, taught me."

"Aye, that I did, sir," said the groom, riding up close to his young master; "and, for a rider of his inches, I'd pit him against any young gentleman in England, or the 'varsal world I say. Master Frank, sir, your reins *is* too long; give me leave to put 'em right," added the groom, alighting—"I'll show you."

"No, thank you," said Frank, "my father will put them right, if they are wrong—my father teaches me."

And so saying, Frank went to the other side of his father: Tom followed him; and, while his father continued listening to the horse-dealer, Tom went on talking to Frank; telling him, that he had heard Blacky, as he called the black horse, was much too spirited for one who was not used to riding; he wondered, he said, that he was trusted upon such a creature; he was sure that he would not, if he knew as much of it as some people could tell him.

Frank anxiously asked what?

Tom, who was meanly cunning, as stupid boys and stupid men often are, began to try to frighten him with stories of Blacky's having reared, and run away, and kicked; and when he saw Frank look a little alarmed,

advised him, if it was left to his choice, not to have this horse, but to stick to the tame poney, and to wait till the horse dealer could find him something that would suit him. "Or," said he, "I could let you have this which I am riding, which is as gentle as a lamb, and I could take Blacky, because I am used to riding, and don't mind its tricks."

Frank's father having heard all that the horse-dealer had to say, now turned to Frank, and told him, that he might decide for himself, whether he wished to keep the horse or not.

"Thank you, papa," said Frank, "but I do not know any thing about horses, and I would rather that you would decide for me."

Then Frank repeated what master Tom had just told of Felix's tricks, and asked whether his father had heard of these.

"No," his father answered, the horse-dealer had formerly assured him that he had no tricks; and he had, during this month's trial, found Felix perfectly good tempered, though spirited.

"So, Frank," said his father, "the question is, whether you are or are not afraid to ride it? I am not afraid for you."

"Nor I am not afraid for myself," said Frank; "I wish to keep Felix."

"Then you shall have him—Felix is yours."

Frank thanked his father and patted Felix. "He is too cheap, that is certain," said the horse-dealer; "for

he is as fine a leaper as any in the country. Take care, master Frank, if you are not used to leaping: take care that he does not throw you clean over his head.

Frank did not like the idea of being thrown clean over his head. Tom saw this, and said sneeringly in a low voice,

"Did you see how white he grew?"

Just at this time Felix, from some fancy, the cause of which was not perceived by Frank, suddenly gathered himself up, and leaped over a sunk fence which there was in the lawn, near the place where they were standing.

Frank was thrown "clean over his head," but falling on the new mown grass was not hurt. Tom burst into a stupid brutal laugh. The horse-dealer pretended to be much concerned, and repeated, that he was afraid Blacky would be too much for master Frank, and went to help him up: but Frank was on his legs again without his assistance.

"It was unfair not to give you notice, my boy," said his father; "but never mind, you will do better the next time. Have you a mind to try again?"

"That I have," said Frank, "if you will show me how to do better."

"Mount him again, then."

Frank was in the saddle in an instant; his father told him how he should sit when the horse should begin and end his leap. Then, turning to the horse-dealer, who, as he perceived, had before made a secret signal to the horse, by which he had given it notice to leap, said,

"If you will now repeat your signal, sir, Frank is better prepared, and, perhaps, may sit the horse better; or, if not, I am much mistaken in my boy if he does not persevere till he succeeds."

"Thank you, father," said Frank.

The horse-dealer protested, that if he had made any noise, it was not any signal, but quite by accident; and good little Frank believed him. Felix leaped again, and this time Frank sat him. The leaps were repeated by his own desire, to prove to himself that he could succeed.

"Felix is not too spirited for me, you see, papa: I may keep him, may not I?" said he.

"You may, my dear," said his father.

Tom sullenly wished them a good morning, and rode away with his groom companion. Frank's father was now to pay for Felix, and, while he was counting the money, master Tom being out of hearing, the horse-dealer began to flatter Frank, declaring, "that he had a much better seat on horseback than master Tom, that it was wonderful to see how spirited master Frank was; that he deserved, indeed, to have a spirited horse; and that he would not, for a guinea, that any young gentleman, but himself, should have had Blacky, he looked so well on him; that a fine young gentleman should always have a fine young horse; that he was certain master Frank would, in time, make the finest young gentleman-rider in the whole country, or the next, or in the three ridings of Yorkshire."

And a great deal more he would have said, but that Frank abruptly exclaimed——

"Pray don't flatter me so, I *cannot* bear it!"

Frank's father put the money for the price of the horse into the man's hand, who, after counting it, walked away discontented, and never attempted to flatter Frank any more.

They had been so much delayed by this business, that Frank lost his ride for this day; but the next morning Frank had a very pleasant ride with his father: trotting through pretty lanes, and cantering across a common, they came to Copsley Farm; a farm which had been lately purchased by farmer Lee, at whose old house, Frank, when he was a very little boy, saw a thatcher at work—the day when he had his first successful battle with a turkey-cock.

Farmer Lee welcomed them cordially, and invited Frank to rest himself in the house, and to eat something, while his father should ride round the Farm: but Frank said, that he was neither tired nor hungry, and that he liked to go with his father, and to see and hear all that was to be seen and heard.

The farmer, happy in showing all his little comforts and conveniences to one who so kindly took an interest in them, took Frank's father what he called the grand tour, finishing by the back yard; and here, unwilling to part with him, he had more and more last words to say.

But, while he was thus detaining them, the gobbling

of a turkey-cock was heard in the poultry yard; which was divided from the farm yard by a slight wall. From the moment Felix heard this noise, he began to grow uneasy: Frank, while the farmer was talking loud and eagerly about his own affairs, went on patting his horse, and reasoning with him in a low voice:—

"My dear Felix, don't be foolish—it's only the turkey-cock. Stand still, Felix—stand still. Oh, Felix! Felix! for shame, Felix: you are a greater coward than I was, when I was—Oh, Felix, fie! you'll throw me on the dunghill, if you don't take care—do stand still. Do hush! turkey-cock! What a horrible hobble-gobbling you are making—stand still, I say, sir! stand still!"

No; Felix could not or would not stand still, while this horrible hobble-gobbling went on; but was continually sideling from the wall of the chicken yard, toward the dunghill, which was on the opposite side.

"How I wish my father would turn, and look how Felix is going on," thought Frank, but still he would not call upon him for assistance. His father knew well what was going on, but on purpose left Frank to manage with Felix as he could.

"Will that farmer never have done talking? I wish *his* mouth and the turkey-cock's were both stopped!" thought Frank.

When he hoped it was ended, it began again on each side. At last, they came to "a good morning to you, sir, kindly—a very good morning."

Frank's father returned the "good morning," and was, to Frank's joy, setting off, when the farmer, striding before him, called out: "Pray, sir, come and see the new back road; it is not a yard out of your way. This way, if you please, sir! This way, master Frank, if you please!"

But this way did not at all please master Frank, for it was through the chicken yard; and the moment the door was opened, a gobbling and cackling was heard, which very much displeased Felix. However, Frank knew, that he must follow his leader. His father stooped his head as he went through the door way; called to Frank, bidding him do the same.

"Yes, papa, yes; but Felix will not go through, I am afraid."

"Afraid!"

"No, no, not afraid myself, papa, only afraid, that Felix is afraid of the turkey-cock, sir."

"Is that all," said his father, and he rode on through the opposite gate.

At this moment, his ancient enemy stood insolent in the door-way, filling it up, with his huge black semicircle of feathers fanned out behind, his red and blue pouch swelling out in front, and screeching defiance with all his might.

Frank knew him of old to be a bully and a coward; but Felix, not suspecting this, backed in spite of all efforts to make him advance. The turkey-cock swelled and gobbled the more.

"Oh, thought Frank, if I were but on the ground on my own legs, with a good stick in my hand!"

But he was on horseback, with a good whip in his hand: resolved, that the adversary, whom he had vanquished on foot three years ago, should not now conquer him on horseback, he, with a stroke of the whip, that told Felix he must obey, stuck his heels into him, and pressed him forward. Felix obeyed: cleared the door-way of the cowardly bully. Frank bent his head low, as he entered the door-way.

Felix went on, made his way through the hissing and the screaming geese, dispersed the inferior crowd of cacklers, and carried Frank from the yard triumphant The farmer shut the outer door behind him, and bidding Frank look back, through the rails in the upper part of that door, desired him to choose any two from among his enemies, of whom, he said, he would with pleasure make him a present, in honour of his victory. The farmer, without any insulting air of protection, held the bridle of Frank's horse, to keep him quite still, whilst Frank looked in at the noisy crowd, to make his choice; he chose a Bantam cock, and a game chicken, and thanked the farmer, who promised to send them home for him in the morning.

As they rode away, his father asked Frank why he had chosen these, preferably to all others, and Frank answered, that he wanted them to explain to Mary what was meant by the "Bantam's vile pantaloons," and by the spurs of the game chicken; which were mentioned in

the description of these birds, in some lines in "The Peacock at Home," which she had not understood, because she had never seen either of the birds described.

His father asked Frank, if he could remember the lines; Frank, after a few moments' recollection, repeated,

"They censured the bantam for strutting and crowing,
In those vile pantaloons, which he fancied look'd knowing;
And a want of decorum caused many demurs,
Against the game chicken, for coming in spurs."

"Papa, you see," said Frank, "that I am able to recollect verses on horseback now, though the first day I could think of nothing but managing the horse and myself."

"And," said his father, "if I mistake not, you had some little difficulty in managing the horse and yourself just now in the chicken yard, against your old enemy, the turkey-cock; but I am glad to see you came off victorious; and I am glad to perceive, that you can turn your mind quickly from yourself to your friends."

Frank, a little elated by his father's praise, now began "to fight his battles o'er again," and to ridicule his old enemy, the turkey-cock, for his extreme cowardice.

"I observe," said he, "that when I am not frightened, Felix seems to be less afraid."

"Yes," said his father, "a horse soon learns to know whether his rider be afraid of him or not; he is unwilling to obey a cowardly rider."

"How does the horse find out when the rider is cowardly?" asked Frank.

"Probably when the man or boy is afraid he teases the horse, by continually moving the bridles; or the horse perceives the rider's alarm by some awkwardness in his manner of sitting, and by some motions or tremor, uneasy to the animal."

Frank took out his handkerchief to blow his nose, an operation which he performed so as to show that he was at ease, concerning the effect the noise or fluttering of the handkerchief might have upon Felix.

"Papa," said he, "the first day I was upon Felix he would not let me blow my nose. That is, I could not blow it in comfort; because he could not bear the rustling of my handkerchief, nor the sight of it; but now he is used to it."

"Yes, and you are used to him."

"Papa, did you hear me talking to Felix in the farmyard?"

"Yes, I did, but you need not be ashamed of it; for the greatest heroes in the greatest dangers, have always been in the habit of talking to their horses, as if they could comprehend all their arguments. By and by, in Homer's Iliad, you will read Achilles' and Hector's fine speeches to their horses, and many others, especially one of a young gentleman, called Archilochus; who will, if I am not mistaken, very much please you, Frank."

"Will he, sir But it will be a great while before I

shall be able to read Homer. I was going to say another thing about myself and Felix, papa."

"Say it, then."

"In being a man, papa, besides being a reasonable creature, I have another great advantage over Felix; he must be beat or spurred, to make him go on in danger; but we have the feeling of honour, and the fear of disgrace, which sort of fear conquers the other sort of fear. I do not express it well, but you know what I mean, papa."

"Yes, my dear, I do; but it is said, that horses feel shame and emulation. Don't you recollect some anecdotes, which Colonel Birch told us about horses in battle?"

"No, sir," said Frank, "I did not hear much, that Colonel Birch said that day; because it was my day of——"

Frank paused, and, after a short silence on both sides, his father resumed.

"Perhaps horses may feel shame and emulation, and something like what we call pride, or sense of glory; and some are so obedient, that they seem almost to act from a sense of duty; but I never heard of a horse, Frank, who had formed and kept a resolution, to cure himself of his faults, or to conquer his fears."

Frank smiled—

"And now, papa," said he, patting Felix, "may I give him a good canter along this pretty lane?"

"Yes; away with you!" said his father; and away

they cantered along the lane, till they saw, at some distance, a fire on the road, at the bottom of a hill, which they were going to descend.

"Papa, do you see the flames?" cried Frank. "Let us ride on, and inquire what is the matter? Perhaps some house is on fire."

"No," said his father, "I think it is only a fire made by gypsies; I see some brown rags fluttering by the side of the bank, which looks like the hut of gypsies."

"But look, look! how high the flames rise!" said Frank. "They are throwing something out of the hut upon the fire."

"Straw, probably," said his father, "they are burning their straw bedding. It is very dangerous to make such a fire in the middle of the road."

"And such a narrow road, too," said Frank, "there is no room to pass, papa. The wind is blowing the flames all on my side, and the whole passage, on your side, between the fire and the hut, is filled with kettles and stools. It is impossible to pass, and horses do not like fire; Felix does not, I am sure: look at his ears."

"Stop, Frank," said his father; "this fire is enough to frighten any horse: stop!"

Frank would willingly have obeyed; but, just then, a man drove a cart through a gate in a field behind them, and came down the hill making a jingling noise, which alarmed Felix. A fresh blaze rose up. Felix reared.

"Frank! keep your seat! that's well. Now to the right, turn him! follow me! leap!"

Frank followed his father, and leaped over a low wall, which divided the lane from a field; and found himself safe on his horse's back, in the field, out of sight of the fire, and out of hearing of the cart. Felix stood as quiet as a lamb, trembling a little. Frank did not tremble, and enjoyed his successful leap.

"How lucky it was, father, that you saw that wall, and thought of leaping over it. I never thought of it—I never saw it! I saw nothing but the fire, and heard nothing but the cart; but I hope, papa, I behaved tolerably well, and sat Felix when he reared, and when he leaped. Is not it a pretty good leap for me, papa?"

Frank was so well pleased with himself, that he required not even his father's answers; he exercised himself in leaping over every little mound in his way; and even went out of his way to practise leaping over any, which he could see on the common; till, at last, his father reminded him, that they must make the best of their way home.

"Well then, papa," said Frank, ranging himself beside his father, "now we can talk a little. Papa, there is a great pleasure in conquering difficulties, and in conquering——"

"Fear, do you mean?"

"Yes, papa, just the word, only I did not like to say it."

"But do you think, papa, that grown up men, and

really brave men, began by being afraid when they were little boys?"

"Yes; but they must have learned to conquer their fears when they were boys, or they would never have been able to conquer them when they became men."

"But, papa, do you mean, that after they grow up to be brave men they feel afraid sometimes, and must conquer their fears."

"Yes, our friend Colonel Birch will tell you, that the first time he went into battle he felt very differently from what he did after he had been in two or three battles: all, who have sufficient courage to speak the truth, would say the same. One of the bravest of our English generals, whose history you will some time or other read; said, that every man would be a coward, if he dared. But a man of honour feels what you expressed a little while ago, that the greater fear conquers the lesser; that the fear of danger or of death is less than the fear of disgrace.

"*Disgrace!*" repeated Frank. "Papa, I remember the first terrible idea I ever had of disgrace was from hearing you say of some general, who had run away, and behaved like a coward—*what a disgrace!* I hope," continued Frank, "I shall be a very brave man, when I grow up: at any rate, papa, I do not think I shall be cowardly on horseback; because, before that time, I shall be well used to riding. But, papa, by the bye, one day last summer, when we were out in the boat, I was surprised to see that Mr. ——, you know who, was

frightened when he was in the boat, and yet he is never frightened on horseback. And when we came to land, that captain of the ship, who had been with us, and who had laughed at the poor man for looking alarmed whenever the boat moved, was himself frightened when he was on horseback."

"Very true, Frank," said his father. "It seems, that being accustomed to one kind of danger does not prevent a person from being afraid in any danger, that is new, and does not always even prevent him from fancying, that there is danger, where there is none."

"This is what I observed, when I was a very little boy, papa, though I could not then express it rightly in words. It was the same thing, that I observed the evening when I was afraid of going over the narrow bridge, because I had never done it before; though not afraid of going up the ladder; and when I was surprised to see the poor woman, who had been frightened about the ladder, go bravely over the bridge. Father, I think I ought to be accustomed to all sorts of dangers, before I grow up to be a man."

"All sorts! That would be difficult, if not impossible, Frank. Consider all the varieties of dangers there are in this world, by sea and by land. Would you have me ride, run, and sail about with you; be shipwrecked and go into battle, &c., to accustom you to all sorts of dangers?"

"No," said Frank, laughing, "that would be impossible; and foolish, if it were possible. But, papa, I ought

to be accustomed to all the common dangers, that boys or men are likely to meet with."

"There is some sense in that, Frank."

"But, after all, I should never even then be secure of not being afraid, in any uncommon danger, or in any that was new to me."

"Being accustomed to danger of different kinds, though a great advantage, is not absolutely necessary to make human creatures brave. Fear may be conquered, not only by being accustomed to danger, but by any affection, or motive, which is stronger than the fear. On some occasions, the most timid women become brave; for instance, mothers, when their children are in danger."

"And, papa—I think, papa—I hope, papa, that though I am but a little boy, if I saw my mother in any danger, I should quite forget myself."

"I think you would, Frank. Then you feel already, that strong affection can conquer fear, even in a boy as young as you are."

While Frank's mind was still intent upon the conversation he had had with his father about courage, he listened to every anecdote upon this subject, which he heard related in conversation, or read from books.

One evening, when his father was reading to his mother some new book of travels in Italy, his attention was caught, in a description of St. Peter's Church in Rome, by an account of some young Englishmen of the

party, who went to see it, who determined to see more of it than any one had seen before; and who, when their female companions stopped, after having reached the top of the cupola, determined to scramble up the outside of the gilt ball, and to stand on its summit. This, with much difficulty and danger, they accomplished. Their return and descent were still more hazardous; for, at the under parts of the ball, they were obliged to crawl on their hands and feet, with their faces upwards, much in the manner that a fly crawls upon the ceiling. Frank and Mary listened to this description with breathless anxiety.

"They are down and safe," said Frank; "I am glad of it: how very brave they were."

"I am very glad they are safe down," said Mary; "but I think they were very foolish to go up."

"Not at all foolish, my dear; consider they were men," said Frank; "it is the business of men to be courageous—is not it, papa?"

"Yes, to be courageous, but not to be rash," said his father; "or to hazard their lives without any sufficient or useful object.

"That is exactly what I think, papa," said Mary; "and if I had been there, I should have been so afraid, that Frank would have gone up!"

Frank said he should certainly have liked to go up; that he should not have liked to have been left behind, even if there had been nothing much worth seeing; he should have been afraid that the other people would

have thought him cowardly, if he had refused to go. Besides, he should like to have it to say, that he had been as high as they had been, and higher than any body else had been before. And that, after all, whether the thing was foolish or not, it was certainly a proof of courage.

This his father allowed, and said, that all Frank's feelings were very natural; but that he admired courage more, when it was shown for some useful purpose.

"For instance," said he, laying aside the book he was reading, and taking up the newspaper, "in this day's paper here is an account of a fire, and of a man, who saved the life of two children, by putting himself in a most perilous situation. The children had been left in an upper room, the staircase had been burnt down, there was no passage to the room but by a single rafter; across which through flames and smoke, this brave man ventured—snatched up the screaming children, and, carrying one under each arm, crossed again the narrow path, and brought them down in safety to their mother."

Frank exclaimed, that he would much rather have been this man, than he that went to the top of the gilt ball.

"Oh yes," said Mary, "and though it was so very dangerous, I should be glad you had done this, Frank. I hope you will do some such thing when you grow up, if ever you are at a fire. I should not like to be by to see; but I should like very much to hear of it."

The next day Frank amused himself by practising

walking on the narrowest planks he could find, which he supported by a stool at each end; and when he could walk steadily on this narrow path, he exchanged the stools for high trestles, which had been used by a man, who had been papering one of the rooms; and, after fastening the ends of his plank down firm to the trestles, Mary spread cloaks and sofa cushions underneath, to represent the feather beds and blankets the people dragged under the passage, to save the man, if possible, if he should fall. And Frank then acted the man saving the life of the two children, which he performed with two of Mary's dolls, with great applause.

Some days afterwards, Frank heard a new and true anecdote of the courage of a boy. It was told to him by the mother of the boy, and it had lately happened, so that every particular was fresh in her recollection. His father was one day walking in a field, where a bull was grazing; the bull, he thought was quite tame, and he had often been accustomed to caress him. This day, the gentleman saw the bull following him, as he thought in play; but as he was in haste home, he took up a clod of grass, and threw it at the bull to drive him away; still the bull followed: the gentleman threw another and a larger sod, but still the bull followed, and came quite close behind him. The gentleman took hold of his horn to turn him aside; but the bull, instead of giving way, tried to toss him up in the air. The gentleman, however, who was a very strong, large man, kept firm hold of the horn, and walked on some yards in this

manner, the bull, every now and then, trying to throw him up; and he keeping down the horn, and calling his men to his assistance, and whistling for the dogs, who guarded the cattle; but neither dogs nor men heard him. He was seen only by a maid servant, who was standing on the steps of the house, with an infant in her arms, and who was so terrified, that she could neither stir nor speak: at this instant, his son, who was about nine years old, playing before the door, looked up and saw his father struggling with the bull. Never thinking of the danger for himself, he ran to him; mean time, his father's strength being exhausted, he gave up his hold of the animal, and ran towards a tree to shelter himself from him; but, just as he reached the tree, he fell. The bull made a thrust at him with one horn, it went against his watch, which saved him for that time. But the bull had his two fore feet on his breast, and seemed just meditating another thrust, when his son came up. The boy had no means of defence, no stick, no stone, nothing to throw at the bull; but he snatched from his head his leather-cap, and threw it with such good aim, that it hit the bull just across the eyes as he stooped to make another thrust: the animal, frightened, turned aside. The dogs came up, the men followed, the bull was driven away, and the father's life was thus saved by the courage and presence of mind of his little son.

Frank liked this more than he could express; stood quite silent in admiration. Some one suggested, that,

perhaps, the boy was not aware of the risk he ran. The boy's mother, who told the story, said, that she was sure he was fully aware, at the time, of the danger, which she thought was proved by his emotion afterwards. He was so exhausted, by the exertion, and by the terror he had felt for his father, that he could not sleep quietly the whole night afterwards; but continually wakened, crying, and saying, that he saw the bull before him, going to toss his father.

This last part of the story Frank did not quite approve; he looked ashamed of the boy's crying; and said, that he thought in his place he should never have cried when it was all over; he should have rejoiced, and should have been too happy, and, perhaps, too proud of himself to cry.

Frank's mother, however, assured him, that he could not tell beforehand, what his own feelings might be in such a new situation. Frank was glad to hear his mother say this; and he agreed with her, that it was certainly a proof, that the boy was not vain of what he had done, and that his affection for his father must be very great, when it could conquer so much fear.

The relation of this, and of many other instances of courage and presence of mind in young people assisted Frank in forming his judgment on the subject.

Among the various instances, which in the course of a few days his mother found for him, none struck him so much as the account of the behaviour of a father and son, who were both dangerously wounded, at the same

time, on board the same ship, in an engagement at sea. The son was a very young man, not above sixteen years old; beloved by every body who knew him, especially by the admiral, on board whose ship he was. The surgeon, who attended both father and son, gave the following account of the circumstances, which Frank's mother began to read to him; but which he said, if she pleased, he would rather finish to himself.

"When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both father and son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, and, by the most tender and pathetic expressions, tried to alleviate their distress. The captain, who had observed his son's leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the admiral, 'Indeed, sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and the son!'

"Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply; he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me; he told me how dangerously his poor Willy had been wounded. Presently after, the brave youth himself appeared; his eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his father's fate. I laboured to assure him, that his father's wound was not dangerous, and this assertion was confirmed by the captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me *upon my honour:* and I had repeated to him my first assurance, in the most positive manner. He then immediately became calm; but on my attempting to in-

quire into the condition of his wound, he solicitously asked me, if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him, before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him, that the captain had been already properly attended to: 'Then,' replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow sufferer, 'pray, sir, look to and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me!' I told him he already had been taken care of, and begged of him, with some importunity, that I might now have liberty to examine his wound: he submitted to it, and calmly observed, 'Sir, I fear, you must amputate above the joint!' I replied, 'My dear, I must!' Upon which he clasped both his hands together and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner towards heaven, he offered the following short, but earnest petition: 'Good God! do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy my father's son.'

"When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that he was all submission; I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but, during the whole time, the intrepid youth never spoke a word, or uttered a groan, that could be heard at a yard distance.

"You may imagine, what in this interval the captain felt, who lay just by his darling son; but whatever were his feelings, there was no expression of them, but silent trickling tears. The bare recollection of this scene, even at this distant time, is too painful for me.

"The son remained with me at the hospital: the

father was lodged at the house of a friend. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort, by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy; and in the same manner I gratified the son with regard to the father. But, alas! from that time all the good symptoms, which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth, began to disappear! The captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his boy was in; nor did he ever ask me more than two questions concerning him; so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was, on the tenth day, in these words: 'How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?' I replied, that if he lived to the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery! On the thirteenth, however, he died; and on the sixteenth, the brave man, looking me steadfastly in the face, said, 'Well, sir, how fares it with my boy?' I could make him no reply; and he immediately attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly, squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to see me again; and assured me, that I should find him with a different countenance. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him he appeared perfectly calm and resigned."

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After Frank's "day of dangers," as Mary called it, he had many rides with his father, without any dangers or difficulties; but though he had no adventures, he generally saw or heard something, with which he entertained Mary at his return.

One day, in autumn, as he was riding with his father near the banks of a river, he saw, in some low marshy ground, a large plantation of tall thin trees: Frank asked his father, why people planted such ugly thin trees, or rather switches.

"Because," answered his father, "ugly as they are, they are very useful; those switches, as you call them, are sallows, or osiers, and a plantation of them is called an osiery."

While they stopped to look at it, a man came from the osiery, with a bill hook and a large iron hoop in his hand. Frank saw that this man was the gardener, whom he used to call the gardener of the green gate. This gardener smiled, and was glad to see Frank; his liking for him had not only lasted, but had increased; because Frank had continued to take care not to be troublesome, and whenever he went to see his garden was eager to observe, and to learn, what was going forward. The gardener now had with him some boys, who were cutting long twigs of osiers, and laying them in heaps. Some of these were very thin, some thicker; and they had different coloured barks. The gardener, told Frank, that some were to be used for making large coarse baskets, others for smaller and finer baskets,

some for making hurdles, and others, which were very slight and pliant, were serviceable to him for tying branches of fruit trees. Of all these and many more uses for willows, which the gardener mentioned, the making of baskets most interested Frank: he should like very much, he said, to see how they were made. The gardener told him, that he had a son who was expert in basket making; that the boy was now at work in a field near his house, by which they would pass in their road home; and that if they could call on him, the boy could easily show Frank how to set about the work. Frank gladly accepted this offer, and the gardener, who was going home, took a short way across the fields, so that he arrived before Frank and his father.

They saw the boy at work in a new mown meadow; they alighted, and they went to the boy, who was at work. He began a new basket, to show them the work from the beginning. He stuck a number of sallows in a circle, at equal distances, in the grass; the circle was the size which he wished the basket to be. He then began to weave other sallows between these, in a manner which Frank easily learned to imitate; and the boy shewed him how the bottom of the basket was made firm, and how the top and the handle were finished.

While Frank was at work, the gardener went with his father to see his nursery.

"You see papa," said Frank to his father, as he returned with the gardener, and as he showed him the basket, of which he had made the greater part himself;

"you see, that I shall not be the idle gentleman, but the basket-maker; and if ever I am cast away upon a desert island, I shall make beautiful crowns for the king of the savages, and be a great man amongst them."

The gardener smiled, and so did his son, who had read, in Sandford and Merton, the story of the basket-maker to which Frank alluded. The gardener, who was an intelligent Scotchman, observed, "that it would scarcely be worth any one's while to learn basket-making, merely for the chance of being called upon to make crowns for kings of the savages."

"But," continued he, "it is no bad thing for a young gentleman, who is not obliged to live by the work of his hands, to learn to use of his hands, as I may call it. Even the knowing such a simple thing as how to make a basket, may be of service to him at some odd time in life. In these days, there is no knowing to what the richest gentleman born may be reduced.

"But a few years ago I remember numbers of poor French, of the highest quality, and who had had the finest fortunes in their own country, when they were banished from France, and their fortunes taken from them, were supported by the work of their own hands, or that of their servants. One old count and countess, I recollect in particular, were kept from starving by the industry of a servant boy, who had formerly been in their family, and who understood basket making, and worked with the basket maker to whom I sold my osiers. I used to see him frequently, and the little count, a boy, not above

master Frank's age, had the sense to learn too, and worked hard for his father and mother."

"And this did really happen," said Frank; "and but a few years ago! I am afraid that I should not be able to do any thing for my father and mother, if they were reduced to want."

"But it was not those who laboured by their hands, only, that could do the most for themselves or their friends. Some of them could do what I call head work, some spoke and wrote their own language, and had learned their French grammar; and they earned bread for themselves and their families, by teaching French grammatically. Others, who knew music and dancing, if they knew even those things well, could earn their bread. But I did not think so much of them, being not such manly trades. But gentlemen, when in distress, must make the most of the little they know. I had great respect for a poor French nobleman's son, who turned drawing master, and was obliged to work hard, to my knowledge, to learn perspective, before he could get himself employed in a school in our neighbourhood. He did succeed at last, and right glad he was, and we were for him; for he had two sisters and an old mother, who had no other means of living, but what he earned. They had sold all, and were come to the last distress. They were lodged in a garret at Lichfield, at the house of an uncle of mine: that is the reason I know so much about them. I often caught a glimpse of one or other of them on the stairs, when they came out to peep if their brother

was coming up. And what joy I've seen in their faces when it was he! And what disappointment when it was only I! Oh, he was a good and hard working young man and gentleman!"

"How happy he must have been to be able to do this for his sisters and mother!" repeated Frank.

"And for himself, or he must have starved," said the gardener. "And starving is no joke, when it comes to the pinch. However, as you have never felt that pinch, this notion cannot touch you much, master Frank," added the gardener, laughing.

"Do you know any more stories of these poor French people?" said Frank. "I should like to hear more."

The gardener said, that he had heard hundreds of stories of them; but that he did not recollect any more, that he could say he knew of his own knowledge. He had seen the French prisoners at work at Bristol, and had seen the ingenious toys and curious things, models of ships, and windmills, and cannons, they made of old bones, with scarce any tools but their knives; but he believed, he said, that all these nicknacks were sold very cheap, and that so many could make them, and there was such great competition, "you know," said the gardener, turning to Frank's father, "that work ever so hard they could gain but little, not more than what kept them in clothes, and that but barely: for people's fancy changed often, and the toys were not bought." The gardener repeated, it was best to stick to useful trades, and the

making of such things as must be wanted, as long as the world stands, by all people, of all descriptions, said he, glancing his eye at the basket, which his youngest boy held in his hand. "Not but what," added he, looking at his eldest son, "what I said before is true too, that the work of the head is better still than the work of the hands; better paid, you know, sir, and more respected, and more respectable. My eldest boy is breeding up to be a surveyor, and is beginning to learn the mathematics. Fetch your book, Andrew, and show the gentleman."

Frank's father looked at Andrew's book, and was pleased; and, to confirm what the gardener had been saying, he told another anecdote of a French emigrant: no less a person than the present Duke of Orleans. When he was in exile and in distress, during the French revolution, he supported himself by teaching mathematics, which he had learned well when a boy.

"He must have learned well to be able to teach them," said Andrew.

"Aye, and when he was to be paid for teaching too," said the gardener, "if he had not been able to teach them well, nobody would have employed him; for it was nothing to them that he was a French duke, then. I suppose, indeed, nobody knew who he was or had been."

"No, he was obliged to conceal his name and title," said Frank's father.

"Then, Andrew, he was no more than you yourself, standing there; think of that."

"And the duke is not ashamed to own it now?" said Andrew.

"Ashamed! no, he is proud of it," answered Frank's father.

"As well he may be," said the gardener.

"There is now in the palace of the Duke of Orleans, in France, a picture, in which he is represented in the midst of his pupils, in the school where he taught. Frank, you shall see a print taken from this picture, which is now in the possession of a friend of your mother's, to whom it was given by the duke and duchess of Orleans."

Frank, Andrew, and the gardener, exclaimed at once, that they should like very much to see this print.

Frank now stood with his basket in his hand, looking very thoughtful. The gardener interrupted his reverie by offering him a fine provision of osiers, for making baskets and fences, of different sorts. The bundles of osiers were so large, that he did not know how they could be carried home: but a boy of nearly his own age, who was standing by, offered to carry them for him.

The boy set off with his huge load of osiers, and the gardener took Frank with his father to see his hot house and green house. After which, they remounted their horses, and returned homewards.

Frank, as they were riding home, observed to his father, that on the labels of the shrubs and flowers he had just seen, the names that were written were not

in English, but in Latin; and whenever he asked the name of any flower in the hothouse, the gardener first told it to him in Latin, and then in English. Frank asked the reason of this. His father answered, that it was useful to give names to plants, in a language which could be understood in different countries; and Latin is a sort of universal language, which is understood in all countries, by all people of a certain degree of education.

"Papa," said Frank, "what you told me about the duke of Orleans, and what the gardener said, about the poor French prisoners and emigrants, and about basket making, and nicknack making, and particularly about the different value of hand work and head work, makes me consider, that I have not thought enough about what things will or will not be really useful to me to learn, before I grow up to be a man and a gentleman; and I am determined to do it directly."

His father said this was a wise resolution, but he was a little surprised by the extraordinary gravity with which Frank spoke.

"The first thing that I shall do when I get home," continued Frank, "shall be to ask mamma for two of the largest sheets of paper she has in her paper treasury; and at the top of the one I will write or I will print in large letters, MAN, and, on the other, WOMAN; and I will rule lines very close, and on these two sheets of paper I will make two lists, one for myself, man; and the other for Mary, woman; and under these heads

I will put every thing that we ought to know or learn, before we grow up to be man and woman. I will have two columns, papa, and put those things, that we cannot possibly do without, in one column, and those that we might like to have, but that we can do without, in the other. That will be very useful, will not it, papa? and one column I will call *must want*, and the other, *may want*.

"Some things will be the same for both of us, papa; for instance, truth goes under *must want*, for both man and woman; but courage, papa, goes under *must want* in my list, and *may want* in Mary's; or, perhaps, it may be left out entirely in her list. We will consider of it."

"Do so: in the mean time, Frank, consider a little where you are going. Do not haul your horse about in that cow path, from side to side, or you will throw him down."

"I will take care, papa. Mind where you are going, Felix, sir. We will begin our lists this day, and Mary and I can settle them all. What do you think, papa? You smile: you look as if you thought we could not do this."

"I think, that perhaps you will want a little of your mother's assistance and mine; for, without more experience, or knowledge of the world, than you two possess, it will be impossible, that you should know all that is necessary to put in, or to leave out of your lists of *must wants* and *may wants*."

"That is true," said Frank; "for I did not know till very lately, that Latin grammar and Latin should go under *must want* for man, that is, for gentleman. By the bye, papa, that gardener, who is not a gentleman, understands Latin."

"Yes, he knows the Latin names of trees, plants, and flowers."

"But," answered Frank, "he knows a great deal more. I took up a book that was lying on the seat in his porch, and what do you think it was, papa? A Latin book! a Latin poet!"

"Virgil's Eclogues, I suppose?"

"Yes; Virgil's Eclogues: how could you guess it?"

Without waiting for an answer, Frank went on—

"His son told me, that he not only reads that, but other Latin books, which he called the classics, at his leisure hours, for his amusement! Think of that, papa."

His father did not appear much surprised, but told Frank, that he hoped and believed, that he would some time or other read Virgil and all the classics for his amusement. Frank asked his father what he meant by the classics. His father began to name to him some of those authors, who are called ancient classical writers; but before this list, with various explanations, was finished, they saw the boy following them, who was carrying the willows home for Frank. He had taken a short way across the fields. He had such a load of them on his back, that it reached above his head and below his knees and the trees seemed to be moving forward of themselves.

Frank's mother, who was walking down the avenue, met them, and said to his father something which Frank did not quite understand: pointing to the boy and the willows behind them, she said,

"A moving wood doth come to Dunsinane."

"I know that is a quotation," said Frank; "but I do not know from what book, nor exactly what it means: I wish that I did."

"It is from a play of Shakespeare," said his father. "Shakspeare is one of the first English classic authors which you will read for your amusement one of these days, but not yet. Now tell this moving wood where it should go."

The boy was directed to Frank's island: there his load of sallows was laid down.

In the eagerness to begin his basket making, Frank forgot, till late in the evening, the two lists of the must wants and may wants of man and woman; but the next morning, it being a rainy day, the work was begun as soon as the Latin lesson was finished. His mother having furnished, from her inexhaustible bounty, two sheets of paper, large as Frank's imagination could desire, he, and Mary under his directions, accomplished ruling them tolerably straightly, dividing each page into two columns, ruled, contrary to good advice, with red ink so liquid, that it blotted much of the space intended to contain the virtues of man. Fatigued with ruling, for it is a very tiresome business, as all who have tried

it will bear witness, Frank went no farther in his great work, at this sitting, than printing MAN, in large letters, on his own page, and WOMAN, in equal size, on Mary's. The ensuing day was fine, but no riding for Frank; his father could not take him out with him every day. Basket making at their island was now a fine resource; but, in their first attempt, the willows were not stuck at equal distances, or so as to form a perfect circle. The basket proved but a misshapen thing, crooked in every direction; its bottom so round that it could not stand upon it: its handle so weak and so ill fastened that it came out the first time Mary attempted to use it.

After this failure in basket making Frank returned to his lists. Truth, honour, courage were fairly written in his best round hand under the head man; and Mary, for woman, wrote also truth and honesty; and, after consulting Frank's mother, added, modesty and goodtemper. The next word in Frank's list was written and scratched out several times. First it was Latin grammar; then grammar was scratched out, and Latin left; then Latin classics was put instead of grammar: then learning was written; and at last learning was to be effaced all but the *l*, and literature to have been put in its stead; but the paper would not bear it; there was now a hole, and Frank's hands were hot, and he grew impatient, and he pushed aside the paper, and said that he would give it up for this morning.

Mary wrote *patience* in her list before she left the table: Frank urged her to scratch it out, assuring her that it was included in good temper, a point which she seemed to doubt; for, as she said, Frank was very good tempered, but she did not think that he was always patient. Frank, feeling the justice of this observation, returned to his work, and never quitted it till he had written the whole over again. This time he put in patience and perseverance in his list before Latin or classical literature. "Even in our plays," as Mary said, "and in all those things which we do merely for our amusement, we cannot succeed without patience."

"To-morrow we will go to our basket making again," said Frank, "and we will not give it up."

In this resolution he and Mary persevered; and after the Latin lesson was finished, on those days when his father could not take him out, or when he returned early in the day from his rides, at every moment's spare time, he and Mary were at work, either at their baskets or at their lists.

"It is very agreeable, mamma," said Frank, "to have employments both for out of doors and in doors, to which we can go constantly, without troubling you or any body. And you see, mamma, we do not begin new things, and grow tired, and leave them in a few days, as you say foolish children are apt to do. Look, mamma, at this basket: compare it with the first that we made, this crooked tumble-down thing, with the round bottom and the broken handle. See how much we are improved!"

"Yes," his mother said, "this is a really good, strong, useful basket."

Frank asked his mother if she would be so kind as to walk with them to his old friend Mrs. Wheeler's, that he might carry this basket to her; he wished to give it to her, because she had given him the first basket he ever possessed, a little one made of rushes, which had been long since destroyed; but the remembrance of the kindness remained in Frank's mind; and his mother willingly walked with him and Mary to the cottage.

Mrs. Wheeler was sitting on a stool before her door, shelling peas; and Mary, holding their basket by the handle, offered it to her.

She smiled and thanked them, and seemed to like the basket, even before she knew that it was their making; and she was surprised full as much as they expected, when she heard that it was made by them, and on purpose for her.

But when Frank reminded her of the little rush basket, which she had given to him long since, the tears came into her eyes, and she said,

"God bless you! God bless your grateful little heart! Think of his remembering that so long, which I had quite forgot!"

She gathered up the husks of the peas which she had been shelling, and threw them into the basket, to show Frank that it would be immediately useful to her.

"But it is so strong," said Mary, "it will bear a much greater load than this."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wheeler, "I will keep my fagots in it."

She and Frank both smiled, when she pronounced the word *fagots:* and while she went to empty the basket of peashells and fill it with sticks, Frank told Mary the mistake he had made, when he was a very little boy, about fagots and maggots.

"I can bear to be laughed at now, cannot I, mamma? better, at least, than I could at that time. Yet," added he, I recollect that stupid Tom vexed me a little, the first time we saw him, by laughing at my triumphal arch, and calling my bricks—baby bricks."

"Now I know the reason," said Mary, "that you have not played with the bricks lately."

"And a very foolish reason it is," said Frank. "I will conquer that foolish feeling."

"Look!" said Mary, "here is Mrs. Wheeler with the basket filled with sticks. Good-natured woman! she likes to show us how useful it will be."

She placed the basket in her chimney corner; and told Mary and Frank, that she would never let any body touch it, but herself and her grandson George.

When once she had named George, she could not help going on speaking of him; she showed the parlour which he had had newly white-washed and floored; and said that every penny he could earn, he laid out in some comfort for her.

"George was talking," continued she, "of making for me a little arbour in the garden; but I would not

let him do it, for he does too much for me, and he can be much better employed; so I persuaded him to lay aside all thoughts of the arbour."

When Frank heard this, a plan of making an arbour for Mrs. Wheeler came into his mind, which he communicated to Mary as they were returning home: and Mary and he agreed, that they would make use of some strong and long sallows, which the gardener had sent them; and for this purpose, they said, they would give up their plan of making a new arbour for themselves in their island. This was an excellent project; but it happened to this as to many other excellent projects, that the carrying it into execution was from day to day postponed; something was always to be done first; and delightful rides made Frank quite forget Mrs. Wheeler's arbour.

During the course of this autumn and winter, when Frank had learned to ride tolerably well, his father sometimes took him out riding, when he went with his friends, or when he went out on any business, in which a boy of his age could learn any thing useful.

Frank liked the rides best which he had with his father when he was alone; because then he could ask him all the questions, which he had treasured up for those happy times.

When his father's friends happened to ride with them,

Frank found it disagreeable to be silent, especially as the conversation sometimes turned on subjects which did not interest him, and which he fancied that he could not understand; yet he had sense enough to attend to what was said, and he found, that he often learned more than he could have done by talking himself, even of what he was most anxious to say.

It happened, in one of these rides, that his father was accompanied by two gentlemen, one was an engineer, well informed in literature and science, the other was a country squire, who had a large estate, was good-natured, but very ignorant, and fond of low company.

The business of this ride was to lay out a new road, which was to go through part of that estate. In this business Frank was not interested, and he thought, as he told Mary, that it would prove one of his stupid rides.

The beginning was tiresome, for he could not understand what the engineer was saying to his father about a trigonometrical survey of England, nor of what the squire said to him about hounds. He trotted on for miles without any amusement, except talking by turns to Felix and to his little dog Pompey, whom he taught to follow him in his rides.

He was, however, called upon to listen to a long story, which the squire endeavoured to make him understand. A story, such as people full of their own affairs, and unused to children, address to them for their amusement.

It was the history of a quarrel, about a dead partridge, between the Squires's and the Rogers's, which was made up by a marriage between Miss Squires, his mother, and Mr. Rogers, his father, "upon condition, that the eldest son, that was to be, should be christened *Squires*, which was accordingly done *by* me, that is, *with* me;" said the puzzled and puzzling squire. "So I became Squires Rogers, and, in time, ought to be denominated *Squire Squires Rogers*; being that I am Esquire, that is, a Squire by title—and Squires by name—and I may add, Squire by nature: but I have never compassed getting myself called Squire Squires Rogers, on account of the hissing in common people's mouths, so it came down to Squires Rogers, and then to plain Squire Rogers. But this defeated the intention of the founder," continued he, "for there is many in the country this minute, that does know I am any thing more than plain Squire Rogers. I doubt whether even your father does; but pray do you explain it to him, my dear."

Frank said, that he would if he could: he thought, however, that this would be above his capacity; but he repeated to himself several times, Squire Squires Rogers, to try whether he could say it properly, in spite of the hissing.

His attention had been much distracted during the latter part of the squire's story, by some words that he overheard of the conversation, on the other side of him, between the engineer and his father, about stone stairs, leading to curious buildings under ground, which had

lately been discovered by some workmen who had been sinking a well.

The conversation changed before Frank's attention was released from the Squires's and the Rogers's, and he never could find out more.

Presently, his father stopped near some ruins. The squire told Frank never to mind that heap of old stones, but to listen to what he was going to tell him about a covey of partridges. Frank, however, escaped this time from the squire, and rode after his father, for his curiosity was again excited by hearing the words, Roman road and Roman arch; the recollection of his own triumphal arch gave him an interest in this subject. He was surprised to learn, that an arch and a road, which he now saw, had been made when the Romans were in England.

From the little books of history, which he had read, he knew that "the Romans in England once did sway;" but he had thought of this only as a circumstance mentioned in books, and had never so much the feeling of its being real as now, when he saw a road and a part of a building which had lasted from their time.

The conversation next turned upon one of those old towers which are called Cæsar's towers, and various facts of history were mentioned, with some of which Frank was acquainted; but what interested him most, was observing the respect that was paid to his father as a man of literature. He remarked, also, that the squire looked sulky and ashamed, while they were talking of

Tacitus and Agricola, of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; and when he was asked some question about a tower on his own estate, which was said to have been built in the time of Augustus Cæsar, he said, he thanked his stars he knew nothing at all of any of the Cæsars since he had left school, except his dog Cæsar, who was worth them all put together. The squire was at last obliged to whistle, and to whip his boot, and talk to little Pompey. Frank hoped, that when he grew up to be a man he should never be in such a condition. They rode on, and as they went through the county town, the engineer stopped to look at the cathedral, the roof of which wanted some repair.

When observations were made upon the different parts of the building, the columns and Gothic arches, Frank found, that his knowledge of the different kinds of arches, and of the orders of architecture, enabled him to understand part of what was said, and made him eager to attend, in hopes of learning more. When they were looking at some headless statues in the niches of one of the shrines in the cathedral, and when he heard his father regret the injury, which had been done to this cathedral, and to many others in England, by Cromwell's soldiers at the time of the civil wars in England, at least he knew who Cromwell was: and when he felt his own ignorance of many other facts in English history, which were alluded to, in looking at the tombs and monuments, he inquired and obtained some information. But all this time the squire, as ignorant of the history

of his own country as of that of Rome, stood yawning at intervals before an old grave stone, on which was the name of either Roberts or Rogers; whose only history seemed to be, that he had been born and had died.

Frank and his father felt sorry for the squire, and they quitted the cathedral soon, lest they should weary him by detaining him longer. They all remounted their horses, and proceeded to the place where the new road was to be laid out. Here they found the engineer's men waiting for them; they had brought with them a telescope, and two boxes, which contained his instruments, and some wooden rods or staves. Frank had seen and had often looked through a telescope, and knew its use, and remembered all he had read about it in Sandford and Merton. The engineer, who had observed that Frank was intelligent, gave him leave to look through his glass at the distant country, and as he saw the manner in which Frank held it, and applied his eye to it at the same time, directing it to the height of the objects which he wished to see, he said,

"I perceive this is not the first time you have looked through a telescope."

"No," said Frank; "the first time I could not shut one eye and look with the other; and I remember I pointed the telescope sometimes a great way higher, and sometimes a great way lower than the thing I wanted to see. But my father taught me how to hold, and direct, and steady it; and let me try till I could do it all for myself."

"You are very much obliged to your father, then," said the engineer, "for teaching you; for in general, children, and indeed grown up people, are terribly awkward the first time they want to look through a glass."

As Frank looked through it, he said,

"I see a high hill, over which a road goes."

"Yes," said the engineer, "we are going to change that road, to save people the trouble of going up that hill; and I am going to measure the different heights of the ground."

He then called to one of his men, and desired him to bring his theodolite.

Frank, who had never before seen such an instrument, went eagerly to look at it. But he could not understand its different parts; he saw telescopes and brass circles, with many divisions of which he could not guess the use. He saw a compass: with this he was acquainted; for his father had shown him a compass: he watched the needle as it trembled, and when it stood still, he knew it pointed to the north. His curiosity was next excited by a small glass tube, in which he saw a bubble that continually moved backwards and forwards, whenever the instrument was stirred.

He saw the engineer look at this bubble frequently, and as it were consult it. Frank observed, that the bubble always went to that end of the tube which was highest.

At last when the instrument was settled to the engi-

neer's satisfaction, Frank saw that this bubble stood quite still, exactly in the middle of the glass tube. He perceived, therefore, that its use was to show when the instrument was level. He asked what this was. The engineer said it was a spirit level. He asked what the bubble was, and why it always ran upwards. The engineer said it was a bubble of air; but he told Frank, that he could not explain more to him, that he must go on with his work.

The engineer ordered one of his assistants to stand on the road at a certain distance from him, with one of the staves, which the man held on the road. On this staff there was a sliding part, which the man pushed higher or lower, when the engineer, who looked at it through the telescope, made signs to him to raise or lower it. When this was done, the engineer called the man to him, and noted down the height to which the slide had been placed on the staff, and this operation was repeated at several places.

As Frank had been quite silent, and had taken care not to be in the way, the engineer gave him leave to look through the telescope at the staff; and told him, that he might call to the man to raise or lower it till it should be right. Frank looked through the telescope; but, to his astonishment, he saw the man standing on his head, and the road seeming to stand on the man's feet; and when he called to the man to raise the slide he lowered it, or when he called to him to lower it he raised it; doing exactly the contrary to what he desired,

at which the squire grew angry, and began to call the man a blockhead, a dunce, and an obstinate fool. But as the man had always done rightly, when the engineer had spoken to him, Frank guessed that the fault must be his own; and as all the objects were reversed, that is, turned a different way from what they usually are, he perceived that he ought to reverse his orders, and to say higher when it seemed to require to be lower, and lower when it seemed to require to be higher.

"I see," said the engineer, stroking Frank's head, "that your kind father has taught you better things than how to hold a telescope, that he has taught you to be patient, and to believe that you may be in the wrong, and ought not to expect to be in the right in a new thing, which you have never learned."

Encouraged by these kind words, Frank said, he wished very much to know the reason of what he had seen, and particularly why the man appeared to stand on his head? But his father told him, that this could not be explained till he knew a great deal more.

"What is the engineer going to do now?" asked Frank.

"He is going to measure the height and distance of those two mountains, which you see to the east and to the west, to your right hand and to your left."

Frank observed, that the engineer, after looking through the telescope, examined the divisions on the brass circles; then changed the position of the telescope, and again examined the divisions; after which he look-

ed satisfied, and wrote something in a little book. And Frank heard him say several things to his father, which he could not understand, about taking angles, a base, and a meridian line.

When the engineer seemed to have done with the instrument, Frank asked if he might again look through the telescope. The engineer nodded, and went on with his former conversation. Frank looked, but saw only a mountain upside down, and Frank said to the man next to him, "What has your master been doing?" The man answered,

"He was taking the angles."

And Frank understood no more than he did before. The engineer, turning round at this instant, saw Frank's curious and distressed look, smiled, and said,

"My dear, you have a great deal to learn before you can understand the meaning of all this."

The squire asked if he had now finished his business.

The engineer answered that he had.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the squire, "we shall have our road—the rest is all Hebrew to me. It is amazingly cold standing here: and I am heartily glad to see that wooden *Harry long-legs* go back again into its box."

Frank smiled.

"I never want to know how to do these troublesome things, these sorts of scientific puzzles, which a man can get done for him by paying for," added the squire.

Frank looked at him with surprise; but there was

something droll and good-humoured in the squire's manner, which diverted him, and he was glad that they were to go on with him to Rogers'-Court, where he cordially invited them to rest and refresh themselves; being certain, he said, that they must be more than half tired to death, as he was himself, of this tedious business.

Rogers'-Court was a handsome old house, of which the squire was proud, as he was of all that belonged to him.

In showing this house, his ignorance was still more striking than it had before appeared. He had a fine library, which had been left to him lately, as head of the family, he said by some great bookish man of his name, but to him the books were of neither use nor pleasure; he had several fine historical pictures, in his dining room, and drawing room. Frank began to ask some questions about them, but he perceived that the squire did not even know Darius and Alexander; he called Alexander a great Roman general.

While they were looking at the pictures, two boys, older than he was, nephews of Squire Rogers, came into the room with their tutor, and joined the circle who were examining the pictures. Frank saw that the boys and the tutor were laughing behind the squire's back, at his mistakes. Frank thought that this was very ill-natured, and wrong. He was shocked at it, and he would not go near them.

When he gave an account of this visit to Mary, he said, that he took care not to ask any more questions, lest he should expose "*the poor squire.*"

This *poor*, or rather this rich squire's ignorance made such an impression upon Frank, that for a time he talked of it more than of the engineer's knowledge; thinking it, perhaps, rather more easy to avoid the one than to obtain the other.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I must take care not to be an ignorant man. We will look over our histories of Greece, and Rome, and England, to-morrow, and see what we know."

"Yes," said Mary, "and find out what we do not know."

The next morning, as soon as Frank's Latin lesson was finished, the floor of his mother's dressing room was strewed with the heads of Roman and of English kings, queens, emperors, and consuls. Mary put together the joining map of the English kings and queens; Frank holding the box, and giving each head as she called for it in right succession. Not a single mistake was made *in her calling*. Frank then tried whether he could do as well with the Romans; but he made one error. He called for Tarquinius Superbus, Tarquin the Proud, before Tarquinius Priscus.

"I always have made that mistake," said Frank.

"But you will not make it again," said his mother, "if you consider, that Tarquin the Proud was on account of his pride and wickedness driven from the throne

and from the country, and was the last of the kings of Rome."

This reason, as Frank found, fixed the fact in his memory; and he observed, that it was much easier and better to remember by reason than merely by rote. While Frank had his Roman kings, consuls, and emperors, on one side of the room, and Mary her English kings and queens on the floor, at the other; Mary began to amuse herself with proposing visits frome one set of crowned heads to the other; but Frank observed, that those should not visit who did not live at the same time, for that they would not know each other's customs. This led to an inquiry, which ended in putting a stop to all visiting between the kings and queens of England and the kings and consuls of Rome. The time of Julius Cæsar's landing at Deal was inquired into, and, to please Mary, he and the emperor Augustus Cæsar were permitted to see Queen Boadicea, though, as Frank observed, this was absolutely impossible in reality, because Queen Boadicea did not live till eighteen years afterwards.

They went to their little histories of England, France, and Scotland, and found all the kings and queens, and remarkable people, who live at the same time; and they amused themselves with making out parties for these personages, and inventing conversations for them.

They called this playing at cotemporaries; cotemporaries meaning, as Frank's mother told them, those people who live at the same time.

Even by this trifling diversion, some useful knowledge was gained. New inquiries continually arose, and led to the grand questions, which nations come first in the history of the world? which next in succession? or what states flourished, that is, were in power and prosperity, at the same time?

Frank's mother, in answer to these questions, unrolled a chart which hung up in the study; it was called "The Stream of Time." This stream seemed to issue from clouds, divided into numerous streamlets of different breadths, and various colours: only one of these, of a uniform colour, flowed straight in an uninterrupted course. All the others appeared patched of many colours, and were more or less interrupted and broken in their progress; sometimes running thin till they came to nothing, or were swallowed up in neighbouring streaks, or sometimes several joining together, and after a little space separating in straggling figures. Mary, when first she looked at this map, said it looked like the window, when, on a rainy day, some finger has been streaked down the glass many times. Frank said, that to him it looked more like a coloured drawing, which his father had shown him, of the heart, veins, and arteries. Across the coloured streaks were printed numerous names, which were the names of the different nations and empires of the world. Frank began to read these, Chinese, Jews, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Grecians, Romans,—

Then pausing, and looking as if confounded by the number of the names,

"Mamma," said he, "just the minute before you unrolled that chart I was going to say to Mary—'*Mary, we have learned a great deal to day,*' but now, that I see how much more we have to learn, I think we have learned very little. Mamma, how shall we ever in our whole lives have time to learn, or memory enough to remember, the histories of all these people? How very difficult it will be, and how impossible, before I go to school! Will it not be quite impossible, mamma?"

She readily allowed that it would be, and assured him, that a complete knowledge of the history of all the nations in the world is possessed by very few men, even after they have studied history half their lives. "Therefore, Frank," said she, "you need not despair, because at your age you know but little. Go on steadily, acquiring, as you do, every day a little more and a little more knowledge, and the difficulties will lessen as you advance."

"Mamma," said Frank, "I should like to fix a time for looking at this map with you, and learning from it something about the histories of different nations every day."

"You may hang the chart up in my dressing room, and you may come, Frank, if you please, every day at my dressing time," said his mother; "and I shall be ready to help you as far as I can; but perhaps, many things will prevent you after the first day from being punctual to that time; and I rather advise you to leave the map where it is, along with the books of history,

which you generally read, and where you can readily get at it, and consult it, and look at it, at the times when you want to know any particular fact.

"That will be best," said Frank. "Now, Mary, let us go out to warm ourselves and play a little. Mamma, will you call out from the window, as you sit at work, 'One! two! three! and away?' We will run from the great beech to the great oak."

After having ran several of what Mary justly called good races, they rested; and Frank, as soon as he had breath, began to try to explain to her the instruments which he had seen with the engineer; but he ended by saying, that she must see them before she could understand them, or even understand as much of them as he did. Without any instrument, however, but three sticks, he said that they could play at levelling well enough; and, pushing the pith from a piece of elder stick, used it instead of a telescope, and stuck it and three sticks together with a nail: then he made a sliding staff with two smooth sallows for Mary: he bid her stand at some distance, and be his levelling-man. And in this manner they set about trying to measure the ups and downs in part of the walk round the shrubbery. And Frank said he could measure the height, that the sliding stick was raised or lowered, by a foot rule which his mother had given to him. This play went on happily for some time, Frank running backwards and forwards, frequently, to examine whether Mary was right or wrong, in her raising or lowering of the staff.

"Now you see I am always right," said Mary, "pray do not come to look any more: trust to me, pray Frank do."

He did so. Till at last, at a certain turn of the walk, the wind being high, and blowing full in Frank's face, he called and bawled out the word "Lower! I say, lower! Mary, lower!" in vain. Mary continually answered, "I can't hear:" Frank replied, "You must hear, for I hear you; but this answer did not reach Mary, and Frank, after bawling till he was hoarse, grew angry, and, running up to Mary, snatched the staff from her hand, and in an insulting manner declared that she was not fit to be a levelling-man. She pleaded, that the wind was so high that she could never hear a word he said; and he being in a passion repeated,

"You must have heard if you had been minding what you were about, for I hear you now; and if you did not hear, could not you have taken off your bonnet?"

"No, because mamma desired me not to take off my bonnet.

"Because! because! Oh, that is only an excuse. You do not like to play at this play, I see," said Frank.

"I do, I do, indeed," said Mary, "if you would not be angry with me."

"But how can I help being angry, when I have bawled till I am hoarse, and you never would hear; and when I heard you all the time!"

"It is very natural to be provoked with a person for not hearing, I know," said Mary, "I have felt that myself. I remember yesterday, when the wind was high, and I was locked out, and standing at the glass-door calling, and calling, and calling to Catherine, begging her to let me in, and she did not hear me, though all the time I saw and heard her, I was very much provoked, though it was not her fault."

While Mary was saying this, Frank had time to recollect himself.

"My dear Mary," said he, "I was cross, and you are very good-humoured, and perhaps you are right too. Now go to my place and call to me, and I will stand in yours, and try if I can hear you."

Frank could not hear one word that Mary said; and Frank acknowledged, that he had been unreasonable. He perceived, he said, that the wind, which had been against his voice, while he had been giving his orders, had prevented his levelling-man from hearing his "lower and lower."

"My dear," cried Frank, "now I recollect it is just like the man, who fell into the coal pit—in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'"

"Man in the coal pit, in the Gentleman's Magazine!" said Mary, "What can you mean?"

"My dear, do not you remember the sufferings of Lieutenant George Spearing? the man who went to a wood to gather some nuts, and fell into an old coal pit?"

"Oh, I remember," said Mary, "a hole seventeen yards deep! and he heard the robin red breast at day break, singing just over the mouth of his pit. Poor fellow!

"Yes," continued Frank, "and he heard the horses going to and from the mill, and human voices."

"And the ducks and hens distinctly," said Mary.

"And he called, and called," said Frank, "or, as the book says, made the best use of his voice, but to no manner of purpose, for the wind was high and blew in a line from the mill to the pit; so that was the reason that he heard all that was done there distinctly, as I heard you, Mary; but they could never hear him; his voice was carried by the wind the contrary way, as mine was, my dear, and I beg your pardon."

"Think no more of it," said Mary, "I am glad we did not quarrel about it."

"If we had, it would have been all my fault," said Frank.

"But now let us settle how it shall be for the future," said Mary. "Instead of calling in this high wind, why should not we make signals, as you told me the engineer and his *levelling-man* did, when the man was at too great a distance to hear his voice."

"Very true, very right," said Frank; "how could I be so foolish as not to think of that! The simplest thing in the world! but when I am in a passion I can never think even of the very thing I want, and that I know perfectly well when I am not angry."

"It is so with every body, I believe," said Mary.

Justly pleased with herself, Mary was remarkably exact afterwards in obeying the signals; and Frank, anxious to make amends for his foolish passion, was particularly gentle and careful not to be the least impatient. When they went home, Frank told his mother of their little dispute.

"Now it is all over," said Mary, "it was very well you thought of changing places with me, Frank, otherwise you never could have been so soon convinced, that I was in the right."

"Now it is all over, I was very foolish," said Frank; it was not I, mamma?"

His mother could not deny it.

"But, mamma," said Mary, "we were not quite so foolish as the two knights, who fought about the gold and silver shield.

Frank had never read the story, and she had the pleasure of reading it to him. Let those, who have never read it, read it now, and may those, who have read it before, recollect it the next time they want it.

"In the days of knight errantry, one of our good old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield: the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, 'To the goddess ever favourable,' and on the other, 'For four victories obtained successively over

the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands.'

"It happened one day, that two knights completely armed, one in black armour, the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of its workmanship.

"After comtemplating it for some time, 'This golden shield,' says the black knight—'Golden shield!' cried the white knight, who was as strictly observing the opposite side; 'why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.' 'I know nothing of your eyes,' replied the black knight; 'but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.' 'Yes,' returned the white knight, smiling, 'it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this: for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people, who pass this way; and it appears, by the date, that this has not been here above three years.'

"The black knight could not bear the smile, with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career; then fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to

the ground much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance.

"A good druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or the forests; he staunched their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. 'Why, this man,' cried the black knight, 'will have it that yonder shield is silver.' 'And he will have it,' said the other, 'that it is gold;' and told him all the particulars of the affair.

"'Ah,' said the druid, with a sigh, 'you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong: had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by the goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.'"

At breakfast, on the day when the good-natured engineer was expected, Frank's eyes turned frequently toward the window; and Mary watched for him too, for she longed to look through his wonderful telescope, and to see men and mountains on their heads. As to the rest, she cared little about *taking angles*, she did not know what that meant, or of what use it could be.

"Mary," said Frank, "you would be more curious about it, if you knew what I know."

"And what do you know, Frank, my dear?" said Mary.

At this question he felt his knowledge shrink into a small compass, and he answered,

"I cannot say that I know *much*; but, Mary, look out of the window at that tower at a distance. You see it? Well! *I believe*, mind I say *I believe*, I do not say that I am sure: but I believe that he could, by taking angles, tell you how high and how broad it is, without going nearer to it than we are now; and I think that he could tell how far off it is from hence, and how far from that tower to the mountain opposite, or any other place that he could see at ever so great a distance with his telescope."

"My dear Frank, do you believe this?" said Mary.

"I do, for I was present," persisted Frank, "when my father asked him the height and distance of some mountains, as far off as I could see through the telescope; and after looking through his glass, and making some triangles and calculations, he answered and told exactly how high they were, and how far distant."

Mary thought this was impossible; but she said,

"There are many ways of doing things, which I do not yet know; and this may be possible, though I cannot conceive how it can be done."

"We shall see when the good-natured engineer comes," said Frank.

His father asked if he remembered the definitions which he had learned of an angle, and a right angle, and a square, and a triangle. He told Frank, that unless he had perfectly distinct ideas of these, he would not be able to understand what he wished to learn from his good-natured engineer. Frank took his father's advice, and first he showed Mary what is meant by an angle, or a corner; he drew a square for Mary, and triangles of different sorts, and he showed her which was a right angled triangle: teaching her, he found, refreshed his own memory. Mary copied the figures which he drew for her, and then cut out similar figures in paper, without looking at the drawings, that she might be quite sure, that she had a clear recollection of what she had learned.

The engineer arrived, while Frank's drawings, and the bits of paper, which Mary had cut into squares and triangles were lying on the table.

"I know what you have been doing here, my little pupil," said he, smiling at Frank; "you have been preparing for me."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "and I believe I know them all; ask me any questions you please."

"Show me an angle, then," said the gentleman.

Frank touched the corner of the square.

The gentleman desired him to show him each of the angles in the square and in the triangle; and Frank, did so.

Then, laying the square and the triangle before Frank, he asked the names of these figures, which Frank answering rightly, he asked,

"What sort of triangle is this?"

Frank answered, "a right angled triangle."

"Show me what you mean by a right angle."

Frank showed what he meant, first in the triangle, and afterwards in the square.

The engineer then took from his pocket a flat hinged rule, and asked Frank if he could with that rule show him a right angle.

Frank opened the rule, so as to form with it two sides of a square, and pointing to the corner where these two sides met, he said this was a right angle.

"Here is a pencil: try if you can draw a right angle."

Frank drew a horizontal straight line.

"Now," whispered Mary, "I know what you are to do next; you will draw a perpendicular line in the middle of that, just as if you were going to draw the wall of a house. Yes," said she as he drew the line, "I knew that."

"Hush, little magpie," whispered Frank's mother.

Frank pointed to the corner where the perpendicular

and horizontal line joined, and said, that was a right angle.

"Can you show me another right angle upon this horizontal line?" said the engineer. "Do you see only one, or do you see two?"

"I see two," said Frank; and he pointed to the corners on the right hand and on the left hand of the perpendicular line, where it joined the horizontal line.

The engineer put his hand upon Frank's head, and said, "Now I am satisfied that you know what is meant by an angle, a right angle, and a triangle."

Mary whispered something to Frank's mother at this time, who smiled, and said to the engineer, "Mary is surprised that you ask Frank so often to show you an angle in different things."

"Yes," said Mary, "as if you could not believe he knew it."

"I am very careful on these subjects," said the engineer, "for I know children are sometimes taught very inaccurately, and then they have such confused ideas, that it is impossible to make them understand what is meant. A young lad was once sent to me to be turned into a surveyor, who could for some time understand nothing that I endeavoured to explain to him; because, though he talked of an angle, and a right angle, he did not know clearly what was meant by either; in short, he mistook a triangle for an angle. Had he confessed to me his ignorance at once, I could have told him of his error."

"Poor boy, he had been ill taught, I suppose," said Frank, "and he did not know that he had learned it wrong."

"You have been well taught, and ought to be thankful for it," said the engineer.

"Would you be so good as to come to this window, sir?" interrupted Frank. "Do you see that tower at a distance? Could you by taking angles, as you stand here, find out its breadth and height, without going to measure any part of it, sir?"

"I could," said the engineer.

"There, Mary! I was right," cried Frank. "But now, sir, will you be so very kind as to explain to me how it is done?"

"I would be so very kind, if I could," answered the good-natured engineer: "but I cannot, I should only puzzle you. If I were to attempt to explain it, you could not understand me."

"Oh, pray! pray, sir, try!" said Mary, "I dare say Frank would understand you."

"If you would only try," said Frank, "I will tell you honestly, afterwards, if I don't ——"

"I am sure you would," said the engineer; "but I tell you beforehand, that it is impossible."

Frank looked at his father, hoping that he knew him better; and that he would say that it was possible. His father shook his head, answering,

"It is impossible, my dear, till you have learned a great deal more."

"Oh, I am very much disappointed," said he, "for I expected that I should have known all these things this morning."

"But could you reasonably expect, my young friend," said the engineer, "to know in one morning, in one hour, in one quarter of an hour, what I have been many mornings, many days, not to say years in learning?"

"Certainly not," said Frank, laughing, "that would be rather unreasonable."

"Then must Frank wait till he is grown up quite, mamma?" said Mary.

"No, that is not necessary," said his mother.

"How old must he be, mamma, before he can understand them?"

"How wise must he be, you should ask, my dear," said his mother; "for his being able to understand such things will not depend upon the number of years he has lived, but upon what he learns in those years."

"True, madam, there is Mr. ——, What's his name? the gentleman who rode with us the other day, Mr. Rogers, who has lived more years than I have, but you saw that he did not understand these things," said the engineer.

"Nor *wish* to understand them," said Frank: "that did surprise me."

"And there is the gardener's boy, Frank," said his father, "who is not many years older than you are, and he understands that which you want to know."

"Does he indeed?" said Frank. "Yes; now I

remember seeing in his book drawings of triangles and circles, and I could not guess of what use they could be."

"His father said, as you told me, he was learning mathematics," said Mary, "and trig ....."

"Trigonometry, I suppose," said the engineer; "which, translating the Greek word into English for you, my little lady, means the measuring of triangles."

"Of *tri*angles!" repeated Frank, taking up one of the paper triangles which lay upon the table, and looking at it. "Can measuring this have any thing to do with the measuring of that tower?"

"Yes; a great deal to do with it," answered the engineer. "I cannot explain to you how; but I may, without giving you any false ideas, tell you in general, that the power we possess of measuring that tower, and the most distant objects that can be seen on earth, and not those only on earth, but those in the heavens, depends upon our understanding the properties of a triangle."

"If the gardener's boy has learned trigo-no-me-try," said Mary, "why cannot Frank?"

"Is there any quick way of learning it?" asked Frank.

"No, there is no quick way," said the engineer.

"You must go regularly through this," said his father, taking down a book from the bookcase.

"What is it?" cried Frank, seizing and opening it. "The very thing I saw with the gardener's son, Euclid's Elements of Geometry."

"A square is a figure that has four ——"

"Oh, we know that," said Mary, looking over his shoulder.

"But how shall I understand these drawings of circles and triangles?" said Frank: "'the line A B is equal to the line C D; proposition the 1st, proposition the 2d; and axiom the 1st, axiom the 2d;' almost as hard sounding and difficult as the beginning of the Latin grammar."

"Yes," said his father, "in the beginning of all sciences there are difficulties; a sort of grammar which must be learned, before you can get on to the smooth and pleasant part."

"But in this book, and in this science, you will find," said the engineer, "that each step leads on securely to another: not one will ever be lost."

"That is a comfort," said Frank.

"But," said Mary, "I hope we may look through the telescope, and see the men and mountains standing on their heads."

The engineer promised that she should. But he had some business to do, before he could comply with her request; and, in the mean time, the young people were desired to go out.

While Mary went to put on her bonnet, Frank was left in the hall by himself. Several of the engineer's books and instruments, which had been taken out of his carriage, were lying on the hall table, and, among others, one of the telescopes belonging to his theodolite.

Frank ventured to take up this telescope, which he ought not to have touched; he thought, however, that he could not do it any harm by just looking through it. He took off the brass cover at one end, and slid back the brass slide at the other end, and pulled out the telescope, and looked through it at the tower, and at some men who were at work in a distant field.

"What can be the reason," said he to himself, "that these men seem to stand on their heads? This telescope looks as if it were quite the same as my father's. I wish I could find out the reason. I should be so glad to prove that I could understand it, though they all say I cannot."

He saw some very slight wires, as he thought them behind one of the glasses; and as there were none such in his father's, he fancied that these had something to do with the secret, which he longed to discover.

"I know how to unscrew this glass," said he, "I will not do it the least harm."

He unscrewed the glass, and, looking into the tube, he could scarcely see what had appeared to him to have been wires. He put his hand in to feel for them. There were no wires, there was nothing that he could feel—nothing! except some very slight cobwebs. These threw no light on his difficulty; he blew them away, and, desparing of making farther discoveries, and unconscious of the injury he had done to the instrument, he screwed on the glass, and left the telescope, as he

thought, in perfect safety, exactly where he had found it on the table.

Frank, having no idea that he had done any mischief, did not even mention to Mary his having looked at the telescope. She put it out of his recollection by beginning to talk to him, the moment she saw him, about the parrot's cage, the door of which had been broken; and Mrs. Catherine, who was now standing with that broken door in her hand, was anxious that it should be mended immediately.

Mary had undertaken for Frank, that he had both the power and the inclination quickly to accomplish her wishes.

Frank instantly ran in search of the osiers, that were necessary for the work, as there was no one in the housekeeper's room, except Mrs. Catherine, his mother gave them leave to do the job there, and to take the osiers to the cage, instead of carrying the cage to the osiers. She, moreover, was so good as to promise, that she would call them, as soon as the engineer had finished writing his letters, if any thing entertaining should be going on.

The repairs of Poll's habitation cost Frank more trouble than he had expected; as it often happens, he found, that which he thought could be done in five minutes, required five and twenty.

But the door at last turned easily on its osier hinges, and Poll was just replaced in her cage, when their attention was suddenly roused by hearing somebody

sobbing in the passage. Mrs. Catherine opened her room door, and they saw a black boy, standing in a corner, crying. Mrs. Catherine asked what was the matter. The boy began to stammer something in broken English; but before he could get out any thing intelligible, a man, whom Frank recollected to be one of the engineer's assistants, came into the passage, and told Mrs. Catherine that she need not waste her pity upon this boy.

"No use, ma'am, listening to him, or asking him any questions, for he is a sad liar—never can speak a word of truth. His master, who is the best of masters, has done all he can to cure him, and so have I. It was but last week he was *guilty of a falsehood*, and his master said, and, begging your pardon, ma'am, I swore, he should be parted with the next lie he told; and he has told a lie now, and he is to go; that is what he is crying for, and nobody can help him.

"Nobody can help him to be sure, if he is a liar," said Mrs. Catherine, who held liars in just abhorrence.

"But are they sure he is a liar?" said Frank.

"He can not deny it," said the man. The Negro boy went on sobbing; and when Mrs. Catherine asked if he had any thing to say for himself, he could only say,

"Me liar last week, ma'am, yes; to-day, no liar—no lie!"

"Oh, if you were a liar last week," said Mrs. Catherine, "who can know that you are not telling a lie this minute?"

The boy turned his face to the wall, and cried more violently than before.

"I can't help it, nor nobody can help it," said Mrs. Catherine: "I have nothing to say for liars. Miss Mary, master Frank, you had better go away, if you please; you have no farther business here."

"But," said Mary, turning back, as they reluctantly went up stairs, "I think he is telling the truth now; are you sure, Catherine, that he has not told the truth to-day?"

"Pray, good Catherine, find that out, will you," said Frank.

Mrs. Catherine, whose countenance now looked severe, as it always did when she thought a liar stood near her, said she must leave it to his master, who knew his character, to settle the business; it was not proper for her to interfere. "When a boy was a liar, and told a lie last week, who can know," said she, "that he is not telling a lie this minute?"

"But, since he confessed that he told a falsehood last week," said Frank, "perhaps—do, do, good Catherine, inquire into it. You know papa says you are a just woman."

"Well, well, go you both of you out of the way, in the first and foremost place, for I am sure your papa and mamma would not be pleased to see you here, meddling with such things—so up stairs this moment."

Up stairs that moment they went, and Frank, followed by Mary, who could hardly keep pace with him, ran to

the library where they had left the engineer writing; but he was gone.

"Well, Headlong!" said his father, when Frank threw open the door, "What now?"

"And why do you look so terribly disappointed, Mary," said Frank's mother: "I told you that I would call you as soon as the engineer could show you his telescope."

"Oh, it is something of much more consequence," said Mary.

Frank told all they had heard; "and though Catherine says it is not our business, yet it is every body's business to see justice done, especially to a poor black boy, who cannot speak for himself, is not it, papa?" said Frank. "I will go and find out that good-natured master of his, and ask him to go to the bottom of the affair this minute."

Frank's father held his hand, however, and prevented him from going; for though he liked his eagerness to have justice done to the Negro boy, he thought, he said, that this boy's master must know his character better than any stranger could; and that his master would in all probability take care to find out the truth, without Frank's interference.

"But," said Frank, "they are going to turn him out of the house directly. Only just let me find the engineer and tell him this."

"Here he is, my dear," said Frank's mother; now do not be in a hurry. Speak distinctly: for I could hardly understand your story, you spoke so very quickly."

The engineer came into the room with his telescope in his hand; that telescope with which Frank had meddled. A sudden flash came across his mind: a thrill came all over him.

"Miss Mary," said the engineer, "I am sorry that I cannot keep my promise to you, yet; but I must first set to rights something which has been broken in my telescope. The cross wires," continued he, turning to Frank's father, "I should say the cross cobweb threads have been broken, and swept away, as I believe, by a little lying boy."

"No; they were broken by me," interrupted Frank, stepping forward and standing firm, though he grew extremely pale.

"By you!" repeated Frank's father, and mother, and Mary, with astonishment.

"By you!" repeated the engineer. "I never thought it possible! and I have been on the point of committing a great injustice."

"Oh, sir!" said Frank. "Stop them from turning away the Negro boy, and punish me as you please. May I go and tell them?"

"Stay where you are, Frank," said his father.

The engineer went immediately to repair the injustice that had been done to the poor boy. Frank's father and mother continued in the mean time quite silent. Mary saw that they were much displeased: she hoped, however, that it would all be over when the engineer, returning, said, that he had seen his servant, and that the Negro boy was safe and happy again.

Frank, relieved from a dreadful suspense, now took breath, and he went forward towards the table on which the telescope lay. He told exactly what he had done, when his curiosity had tempted him to meddle with it; but said,

"I assure you, sir, that I did not know that I had done any mischief, or I would have told you of it that moment. I never guessed that the Negro boy was accused of it. I am sure I never thought, that his crying had any thing to do with my having meddled with the telescope."

"But you knew, Frank," said his father, "that you did wrong in meddling with what was not your own, very wrong. Whether you did mischief or not was mere accident. You were too ignorant, you see, to know, whether you had injured the instrument or not."

"You thought that you were only brushing away cobwebs," said the engineer, "when you were destroying an essential part of the instrument."

Mary said she hoped that it could be repaired. The engineer said that it could, and Frank was glad; but, looking up at his father, he saw that the displeasure in his countenance was not abated.

"You have done wrong, Frank," repeated he. "And though the mischief can be repaired, that does not diminish your fault. You knew that it was not strictly honourable or honest to touch what was not yours. And when once you deviate from strict honesty, no one can tell

what the consequence may be. Not only a valuable instrument, but the character and happiness of one of your fellow creatures, might have been destroyed, even by this, which you thought an error not worth mentioning, and had forgotten while you were mending a parrot's cage."

"Let this be a warning to you, Frank, as long as you live," said his mother.

And that it might be so, that the impression might not be lightly effaced from his mind, his father ordered him to go to his own room, and forbid him from mixing with the rest of the family, and from seeing this day any thing that the engineer was going to show them.

The engineer was too sensible a man to ask that Frank should be spared this punishment; he knew that the purpose of just punishment is to do future good. Far from begging that Frank might stay and *be forgiven*, he strengthened the right impression.

"I am going to mend what you broke, Frank," said he, "and I know that it would entertain you to see how this is done. But before I heard what your father has just now said to you, I had in my own mind determined not to let you have this pleasure. I think," continued he, speaking to Frank's mother, and laying a detaining hand upon Frank, who was leaving the room, "I think that people are mistaken, who say, that when children tell the truth and confess a fault, they should not be punished for it in any way. I have always let my children feel the natural consequences, or receive the just

punishment for their faults, even when confessed; else they would be quite deceived as to what would have happened to them in real life. And besides, there would be little or no merit in telling the truth, if people never were to suffer by it. My boys can tell the truth and take the consequences, thank Heaven: and so, I see, can yours."

This was a comfort to Frank: he walked more firmly out of the room. Mary followed him, but he would not let her share his punishment.

"No, Mary," said he, "you have done nothing wrong: go back and be happy, or I shall be more unhappy."

Mary left him, because she was afraid of making him more unhappy. But though she saw and heard many entertaining things this day, though a microscope was lent to her, with which she saw a spider draw out the fine cobweb thread, which was to repair the damage, and though she watched with breathless attention the nice operation of replacing the cross threads, and though she learned their use, and even though she saw in this wonderful glass the men and mountains on their heads—yet none of the things she saw or heard pleased her half as much as if Frank had shared her pleasure.

Frank had one comfort, and a great comfort it was; during the hours when he was sitting lonely in his own room, he heard the Negro boy whistling merrily. Good Mrs. Catherine came in the first interval, which the business of the day allowed her, to tell Frank how happy the poor black boy had been ever since his master had been convinced that he had told the truth.

"And I am convinced," continued she, "that what has now happened, and, in short, his being saved from harm by your telling just the plain truth, will show him more to his own feelings the use and beauty of truth, as I may say, than all the scoldings he ever had: aye, and than all the whippings about lying, which he had with his old master."

This poor Negro had been but a short time with the engineer; he had formerly lived with the cruel captain of a slave ship, and tyranny had made him a coward and liar.

The next morning Frank heard him singing the following ditty, while he was brushing his master's coat in the court near the window of Frank's room.

Mungo happy man, sir,
Never lie again, sir.
Mungo he may thank
Truth-tell-master Frank.

These Negro rhymes gave more pleasure than Frank had ever received from any compliment before, either in prose or verse. This day all was bright to Frank with-

in and without. His friend the engineer shook him by the hand, when he bid him good morning. And Frank observed with pleasure, that no precautions were taken to prevent him from touching the instruments; but that his honour was trusted, and that all seemed secure that he would not repeat his fault.

This day he was allowed to follow the engineer about, wherever he went. At about twelve o'clock he heard him say, "I must go out now, and take an observation of the sun."

An instrument, which Frank had never before seen, was now produced; it looked like a quarter of a circle made of brass, and there were two small mirrors in different parts of the circle. A cup or box filled with quicksilver was placed on the smooth grass, in the sunshine. Leaning over the cup of quicksilver was a small mirror, and in that mirror was seen the image of the sun. Frank was going to ask some question; but his mother, who was standing beside him, put her finger on his lips, and he was silent. All present were silent also for some seconds, while the engineer attentively looked through the glass at the sun, and at the cup of quicksilver. When he had finished his observation, and had drawn a line, which Frank's father said was a meridian line, he called Frank to him, and bid him lift up very carefully, the cup of quicksilver. Frank was much surprised by its weight.

"That is what I expected that you would observe," said the engineer.

"Now take this cup of water," said his father, "in your hand, it is of nearly the same size. You have now felt, and I think will remember, the difference between the weight of quicksilver and of water."

The engineer then held for Frank the instrument which he had been using, and bid him look through the eye glass at one of the mirrors. Frank looked, and exclaimed,

"I see two suns, one red as blood, and the other white! They are dancing about—now they are still—now they are coming closer together—now they almost join—they quite join! Oh! Mary, look at them."

Mary looked and was more delighted than Frank seemed to be; for Frank, after having once gratified his curiosity by the sight, began to look uneasy.

"I want to know the reason of all this," said he, "but I know, that if I ask the reason or the use of this, you will tell me that I cannot understand these things yet."

"True," said the engineer, "I must be cruel again to him, Mary. I can tell him only that this instrument is called a quadrant, and that cup of quicksilver, in which you see the sun, is called an artificial horizon, and that what I have been doing is called *taking an observation* of the the sun: hard words, without any meaning to you as yet."

"But," said his father, "it is something even to have had your ears accustomed to them, and to have learned to join the names with the sight of these things. You

will know them again when you see them, and your ears, eyes, and understanding will not be all puzzled at once, as they are at this moment."

Frank, mute and motionless, stood watching the packing up of the quadrant, which was now put into its box, and of the quicksilver cup and mirror, which were put into their case. The lid was closed down and locked, and the engineer ordered it to be carried off.

Frank at this instant uttered a deep sigh, which made all eyes turn towards him. He looked such a disconsolate figure, that the engineer, his father, his mother, and even Mary could not forbear laughing.

"Might I ask one question, sir?" said Frank to the engineer, taking hold of his hand.

"No, not one more," replied his father, "you must not be troublesome, Frank. Let go that hand; you have had more than your share of him and of the conversation; now your mother and I must have our share, and you must not torment this much-enduring gentleman with any more questions."

The engineer shook Frank's hand kindly, as he let it go, and assured his father and mother, that he had not been tormented; that he always felt pleased, not plagued, by the sensible questions of children. He was used to children, he said, and fond of them.

Mary asked if he had any of his own.

"Yes, thank Heaven! I have," answered he.

Mary was going to ask how many; but recollecting that Frank had been desired not to ask any more ques-

tions, she stopped. The engineer, understanding this, smiled, and, in answer to what she wished to ask, held up four fingers of his hand. Then, accepting an invitation to walk round the grounds, he offered his arm to Frank's mother, and Frank and Mary asked and obtained permission to go with them. They were in hopes that he would tell something more about his children.

And they learned, in consequence of his answers to the questions which their mother asked, that two of his children were boys, that the eldest, Lewis, was a year and a half older than Frank, and had been at school two years; the youngest was but six years old, and was to remain at home some time longer.

Now Frank, who knew that he was soon to go to school himself, listened eagerly, and so did Mary, in hopes of hearing something about this school and these boys. But, unluckily, nothing more was said about Lewis, or his brother, or his school.

The conversation turned upon education, and seemed above Frank and Mary's comprehension; yet they felt still interested in listening to it, because it in some way concerned themselves. The engineer said something in so low a voice, that it was inaudible by the youngsters, who were walking before him; but it was clear that it was quite audible (that is, to be heard) by those who were walking with him. For Frank's father and mother said with emphasis,

"This gives me great pleasure."

And Mary whispered to Frank, "I am sure *that* must be something about you—do you think we may hear it."

"No, we must not listen to *that*, I believe," said Frank; "but hush now, Mary, he is speaking loud again."

"Madam," said the engineer, "you are doing for your son what I should have wished to have done for my own boy; but that my business takes me so often from home, that I cannot do as much for him as I could wish."

Frank's father answered, that in these days of education, there was, perhaps, as great danger of doing too much as of doing too little for children. He had observed, he said, that most of his acquaintance had been either too careless or too careful of their boys, before they were sent to school. Sometimes they were humoured in every thing at home, because, as their parents said, they would have hardships enough at school; but this made those hardships the greater, because the master was then to whip the ill-temper out of the spoiled child by main force; and, perhaps, in so doing, to break his spirit for ever. Some boys are sent from home in such gross ignorance, that they must work doubly hard, or be left behind their companions, or be exposed to shame eternal, or to eternal flogging; other parents run into the contrary extreme, and by way of preparing them to get on, or to get before their competitors at school, cram them with lessons, disgust them with learning, and weary the runners before the race begins.

"These overtaught children are often the most to be pitied," said the engineer; "because, as far as I have observed, in the midst of all their teaching, in science at least, they are taught nothing accurately, and when they go to school, or into the world, they are all in the condition of my puzzled lad, with his angles turned triangles."

"I pity the poor child," said Frank's mother, "who, when he goes from home, fancying that he knows a great deal, finds, when he gets into the midst of a great school, that he knows nothing rightly, and that he must unlearn all that he has learned at home: double, double, toil and trouble, both to schoolmaster and to child."

"Yes," said the engineer, "I hardly know which is in that case most to be pitied."

As soon as the conversation came to this point, Frank and Mary, who had no pity for schoolmasters, and who did not know why they should have any, looked at each other as if they had said,

"Do not you think this is growing tiresome."

Then, by mutual consent, each took up sticks for whips, and at the same instant both set off galloping to their desert island. There they were very happy, working away at Friday's new garden, till a sudden shower of hail drove them home.

When they went into the library they were yet breathless with running; but they stopped their puffing and panting, for their mother was reading, to their father and

the engineer, something which seemed to be very entertaining; they were smiling as they stood before the sofa table listening to her: and as he came in, Frank thought that he heard his own name, but of this he was uncertain. He peeped over his mother's shoulder to see what book she was reading. It was a voyage of discovery to the great Loo-choo island, on the coast of Corea.

His father told him, that of this island, and its inhabitants, little or nothing was known in England, before the account of this expedition was published.

Mary asked, whether the inhabitants of Loo-choo were savages, or civilized people?

Frank said, he supposed, from the sound of the name, that they were Chinese.

His father said they were not savages; very far from it: that they were more like the Chinese than any other people of whom we have any account.

So Frank saw, by one of the prints of the men and women to which his mother turned.

"These people, though civilized, are ignorant of many of our arts; quite as ignorant as you are, Frank, of the use of such instruments as you saw this morning."

"And one of these Loo-choo people," said the engineer, "an intelligent young man of the name of Maders, was as anxious as you were, Frank, to understand the extant, which is an instrument much like my quadrant, and as much mortified when he could not at once comprehend it and all its uses."

The engineer drew Frank towards him on one side, Mary on the other, and putting an arm round each—

"Now ma'am," said he, "that we are comfortably settled, will you be so good as to read on."

And Frank's mother read on as follows:—

"But Madera was not a man to be thrown into despair by difficulty; on the contrary, he persevered in observing with this sextant; and the more the difficulty was made apparent, the more keenly he laboured to overcome it. The progress, which he made in a few hours, in the merely practical operation of taking angles and altitudes, was not surprising, because there is, in fact, not much difficulty in it; but he was no wise satisfied with this proficiency, and seemed anxious to apply his knowledge to some useful purpose.

* * * * * * *

"With a sextant and stand, I made him take the distance between the sun and moon four or five times; on every occasion he was wonderfully near the truth. We endeavoured to confine him to one object, merely to ascertain the time of apparent noon, and I think we succeeded in explaining to him how this was to be done.

"Some time after this, and just before the English ships were to leave the island, Madera came on board, with the sextant in his hand; he was in such distress that he scarcely knew what he was about. In this distracted state he sat down to breakfast with us, during which he continued lighting his pipe and smoking as fast as he could; drinking and eating whatever was

placed before him. After he had a little recovered himself, he asked what books it would be necessary to read, to enable him to make use of the sextant; I gave him a Nautical Almanack, and told him, that he must understand that, in the first instance: he opened it, and looking at the figures, held up his hands in despair, and was at last forced to confess that it was a hopeless business. He therefore put the sextant up, and bade us farewell."

"Poor Madera!"

"I think," said Mary, "that Madera is very much like Frank."

"But, fortunately," said the engineer, "Frank does not live at the island of Loo-choo; nor is his instructer," added he, looking at Frank's father, "going to sail away to-morrow, and leave him without books, or without any means of satisfying his laudable curiosity."

Frank and Mary had been so much interested by what they had heard of Madera, that the moment their mother laid down the book, they asked leave to look for the place where Madera's name was first mentioned, and read all they could find concerning him, his dexterity in managing his knife and fork the first time he dined with the English in the captain's cabin; his quickness in learning to speak English, and in observing all, even the most trifling customs; his surprise when he first heard one of the officers read from a book, and his great curiosity to know how that wonder was performed; his agility in dancing; his politeness, affec-

tion, gratitude, and above all, attachment to his parents, and wife, and children, which prevented him from accepting the English captain's offer to bring him to England.

All these things delighted Frank and Mary; so that they determined, that, at the first convenient opportunity, their Robinson Crusoe's island should be turned into the great Loo-choo island; and that Frank should be turned into Madera, and Mary into the English captain. But they had sense enough to agree, that this must not be done during the time that the engineer should stay with them.

He was very busy drawing plans part of this day. Frank and Mary took great care not to be troublesome to him; and, therefore, they were permitted to stay in the same room with him while he was at work, and he allowed them to look into his portfolio at some plans of bridges and buildings. They tried to build one of these, a tower, with their little bricks, which the engineer did not, like master Tom, call baby's toys. On the contrary, he made use of them himself, to show Frank's father the strength of different arches; and whenever what he was saying could be understood by Frank, he often turned to him, and kindly took pains to explain it thoroughly.

Frank and Mary had often tried to build a bridge, but they never could complete one, because they had not all the different shaped bricks that were necessary. To their great delight, the engineer gave them a model

of a bridge, which could be taken to pieces and put together again; and with the same materials they could construct bridges of different sorts and sizes.

After looking at some of the plans, which he found in the portfolio, Frank thought that he could draw the plan of a house without much difficulty. There was only one thing that puzzled him a little; he saw at the bottom of each plan the words, *by a scale of one twentieth of an inch to a foot.* However, he set to work at his drawing, and he said to Mary,

"I will draw a plan of this house for you."

But when his plan was finished, Mary observed, that some of the rooms looked larger than they were in reality, and some smaller. When he showed his drawing to his friend the engineer, he found many more faults with it.

"This library, in which we are now sitting," said he, "is, I should think, fully two feet broader than the breakfast room. Your drawing room and dining room in this plan are the same size, and yet in reality you know that one is longer than the other. And the breakfast room is not half its real breadth."

"That is true," said Frank; "but I know the measures of the rooms, and I will write them in nice little figures, as I see in your plans, then every body can know the sizes."

"Then the figures would do as well without your drawing. Where are the stairs in your house?"

"Oh, I forgot the stairs," said Frank; "but that

does not signify, because I can mark the place for them here in the hall: and as to the breakfast room, that is very bad I acknowledge, because I forgot the passage, and was obliged to squeeze it out of the breakfast room."

"The whole house is much longer, in this drawing, than it ought to be, and none of the rooms are in right proportion."

"So I see."

"As you know the measures of all the rooms, you might easily have represented them in their right proportions," said his friend, "if you had drawn your plan by a scale."

"Would you be so kind as to show me how to do that," said Frank, "when you are not busy?"

He had finished all his business for this morning, he said, and he was very willing to assist Frank.

"First," said he, "we must know the measure of the house, of which you want to draw the plan."

Of this Frank not being quite certain, he said, that he would go and measure. But he only had a foot rule. Mary offered her ribbon yard, which was three feet long.

But the engineer said he could lend them something that would do the business better. He bid Frank ring the bell, and desired that all the things, that were in the left hand pocket of his carriage, should be brought to him. Among these was a *measuring tape*, divided into feet and inches. This he lent to Frank, who went out with

Mary, and measured the length and breadth of the house exactly. It was eighty feet long, and sixty feet broad.

His friend then showed him how to express this in drawing by a scale. He showed him on his foot rule the divisions into inches, and he said,

"We will draw it by a scale of a tenth of an inch to a foot. Eighty tenths of an inch, how many whole inches is that?"

Frank instantly answered, "Eight."

His friend showed him how, with the compasses, to take exactly the measure of eight inches, and to mark that down with the compasses on the paper, and in the same manner he took the measure of the breadth of the house, and one after another of all the rooms. This was not done without some difficulty, for Frank frequently let the points of the compasses slip upon the ivory rule, and, in taking the compasses from the rule to the paper, held them so as sometimes to close, and sometimes to open them, and the measure was to be taken over again. His friend showed him how to hold the compasses so as to prevent this. And as Frank had been already used to drawing lines straight and *parallel*, the plan of his house was now tolerably neatly finished; and this time the staircase was not forgotten; the breakfast room was not robbed, to make space for the passage, and the library was of its just length, and, as Mary observed, none of the rooms were too large or too small, all were like reality.

"And now," said Frank, "that I know how to draw by a scale, Mary, you shall never see such wretched plans as this," added he, crumpling up his first plan as he spoke, and throwing it away.

After the portfolio of drawings had been exhausted, Frank and Mary were entertained with the sight of some books of prints of temples and ruins, at which the engineer and their father were looking. The engineer often stopped, as he was turning over the leaves, to point out to them the characteristic differences between the styles of architecture in different countries, and at different periods; and when he saw how much they were interested in this sort of information, he promised that he would give them a little work on architecture, which a friend of his was writing for young people.

Mary said she hoped that it would be very entertaining; "and now, sir, that you are not busy," said she, "could you be so good as to show us on the globe the great Loo-choo island?"

"He could not show it to her," he said, "because, as it has been but lately discovered, it had not been drawn on the globe; but he would mark the place where it ought to be."

"Here," said Frank, going to the globe, "here is China, and here is the coast of Corea," said he.

"Then here must be the great Loo-choo island," said the engineer, marking the spot.

"But how can you tell so quickly, and know so exactly, where the island must be," said Frank; "I

cannot even guess, because the map in this book is of such a different size from the globe."

"But you were told the latitude and longitude, in which Loo-choo is situated: look for those."

Frank had been shown how to look for the latitude and longitude of any place; but he was now confused about it; and he always was so, because he could never recollect which was latitude, and which was longitude.

"Longitude," said he, "I always think must be the lines, which go from the top at the north pole, to the bottom at the south pole, the long way of the globe."

"As longitude sounds like long, the long way; that is very natural," said Mary.

"True," said the engineer; "but you mistake in supposing, that what you have just described, from pole to pole, is the longest way, as you call it, round the earth." He showed Frank, that what he supposed to be the latitude, was really, when measured, the longest. And Frank said, that now he had a reason, by which he could recollect, he thought that he should never make the same mistake again.

His mother looked a little ashamed, and said that she thought that she must have taught him very ill, since he had been so much confused in his ideas about it: but Frank said, that it was not his mother who had first shown him the difference between latitude and longitude, but some lady, who happened to be at their house, and who, it seems, did not know it herself. And Frank said, that when once it had been put wrong into his head, he

could never get it right again; he was in this like the triangle man.

Mary ventured to ask, why, if the earth is quite round, and the globe quite a globe, should Frank talk of the long way or short way round it. "I thought that a globe measured the same every way—should it not?"

Frank informed her, and was very glad to be able to do so, that the earth, though it is called a globe, is not quite round, that it is more in the shape of an orange, or a turnip.

A nod from his friend confirmed his assertion, and Frank now, feeling encouraged to show his learning, went on to prove that he understood the causes of day and night; and, farther, he dashed into explanations of an eclipse of the sun, and of summer and winter: but there he found that he stuck fast, he could neither get backward nor forward, but, quite confused amidst the paths of the sun, moon, and earth, he was compelled to acknowledge, that he was not yet master of their motions. Ashamed of himself, he willingly listened to Mary's observation, that it was getting very late, and after wishing the engineer a good night, and a good bye, for he knew that he was to go early in the morning, Frank said,

"I hope, that by the time you come again, sir, I shall be quite clear about summer and winter. How long do you think it will be before you come again?"

The engineer said he did not know, perhaps in a week, perhaps in a month.

"A month!" exclaimed Frank, "I shall have time, and time enough, to learn it, mamma, shall not I?"

"And to forget it perhaps, Frank," said his mother.

It is surprising how easy it is to make good resolutions, and how difficult to keep them: Frank, at least, found it so. He had resolved, in the first place, that, the very day after the engineer went away, he would make himself quite clear about the causes of summer and winter; and with this intention he went in search of a book, in which he had been told, that he would find them well explained; but it chanced, that while he was looking for this, in his mother's book case, nearest the window, he heard the cry of hounds, and the voice of the huntsmen. He called to Mary to come quick! quick! and he threw up the sash, looked out, and saw dogs running, and men and horses galloping after them, the men in scarlet jackets, and with little velvet caps on their heads.

"There they are, do you see them, Mary? No, not now you can't, they are behind the trees. But now! now you can see the scarlet jackets; here they come full gallop! Beautiful horses! how they go! which will be first?" cried Frank.

"How very pretty these look, going over that rising ground, and winding through the wood," said Mary. "But now they are all out of sight."

"Stay, stay, don't go away, they are coming again, Mary; one has leaped the great ditch. Oh, come! come look at them leaping. One! two! three! five! One's down—no, up again. On they come: all spreading over the field, dogs and horses; and they must cross this lawn, quite close to us, Mary."

"What a noise!" said Mary; "and how eager they all are, men, horses, dogs!"

"How I should like to be among them, if I were a man!" said Frank. "Mary, look here to this side, passing under the great sycamore, do you see a white hound snuffing about? Next after him, that man on the bay horse, is Squire Rogers, I think. He is foremost: how well he rides."

"But what do I see?" said Mary. "A very little man, at a distance, or a boy. Oh! is not that master Tom?"

"Tom! Tom! Where?" cried Frank.

"You cannot see him now: the hunters are between him and us.

"Master Tom? Oh, no, my dear, impossible!" said Frank; "such little boys never go out hunting."

Well, Mary would not be positive, she said, but she was almost sure she had seen him. Unluckily, the hounds, horses, and huntsmen, now took a course in a contrary direction, to what Frank had predicted; they did not cross that lawn close to the window, and whether it was master Tom, or not, whom Mary had seen, could not now be determined.

The doubt so disturbed Frank's head, that he could not settle to reading this morning; hounds, red jackets, and jockey caps were running through his head, and drove from his recollection all his great curiosity about the causes of summer and winter, taking angles, sextants, observations, Euclid's Elements, and the engineer.

Some morning visitors came this day; and altogether, Frank found that it was not worth while to set about any thing, either while they staid, or after they went away. While they staid it would not have been civil, he thought, and after they went away it was too late. Besides, Frank had been curious to hear what was said by some of the visitors about the hunting of this day, and to determine the point whether master Tom had or had not been at the hunt. It was at last decided that he had been at it. Nor was this the first time. Under the protection of Squire Rogers, and of a greater personage still, Squire Rogers's huntsman, master Tom had frequently joined the hunt; and was much admired by Squire Rogers and his hunting companions, for his being able to sit a hunter so well, and for keeping up with the hounds. It was extraordinary to see a boy, a child of his age, out hunting with men. One of the lady visitors agreed with Squire Rogers in admiring master Tom. Another said, that it was a pity and a shame to see a boy of his age, and who might be trained to something better, suffered to run wild as he did, and to keep such low, vulgar company. Squire Rogers, though himself a gentleman, was, as it has been observed, fond of his in-

feriors in rank and education; and his hunting associates were not such as any sensible parents could wish for the companions of their sons. Frank's mother joined with those who disapproved of master Tom's hunting; but she said and thought little about the matter: she did not know how much Frank had been struck with the sight of this day's chase. In the course of the day, however, the red jackets, and the galloping horses, faded from his imagination. Mary reminded him of summer and winter, and he in a careless manner looked over some explanation in a geographical dictionary, which, if he did not quite understand, would do for the present; he could look it over again more carefully some days before the engineer should return, he said, and then it would be fresh in his head. "If I were to learn it perfectly now," added he, "you know I should, as mamma observed, have time to forget it before our friend comes here again."

Content with being able to quote his mother's words, and to turn them to his present purpose, of defending his fit of idleness, Frank did little good this day. Even his constant defender, Mary, could not deny this. The next morning he determined to make up for lost yesterday. He recollected several things, which he had not thought of during the days the engineer had been with them, and to these his attention turned.

"The Stream of Time," said he, "we have never looked at, since the day after the day when we resolved that we would look at it regularly every day at mamma's dressing time."

"Yes, she told us that we should forget it," said Mary.

"And our lists, my dear Mary," cried Frank: "the first thing we do must be to settle our list of '*must wants*.' It is terribly crowded and blotted," said he unfolding and showing it.

"Especially that great blot over trigonometry," said Mary. "I believe that was my fault, for I had not any blotting paper, and I rolled up the list before it was dry; and you wrote in a great hurry, if you recollect, the first day the engineer came, when you were so very fond of him."

"I am very fond of him still," said Frank, "but one cannot always think of the same thing. Certainly, I put *trigonometry*, my dear, too high up that day in this list of '*man's must wants*,' and I wrote it much too large. It must come out and come down, here, where there is plenty of room for it below."

"How many changes we have made in our lists since we began them!" said Mary.

In the course of one month, indeed, such numbers of words had been inserted and removed from *may wants* to *must wants*, that it was scarcely possible to read the manuscript. It was now found necessary to rewrite the whole. They wisely determined, that all the doubtful things should be written with a pencil, so that they might be rubbed out and altered as often as might be wished. Frank disliked the trouble of transcribing, but he pa-

tiently went through it, and this copy was, as his mother judged, much better than the first.

Mary undertook to finish the last pencil column of *may wants* for him this morning, when he went out to ride with his father.

This was very obliging of Mary, because she wished, as Frank knew, to have employed this morning in knitting for Colonel Birch a pair of scarlet worsted cuffs, or bracelets, by some called *wristlets*, by others *comfortables*, by others *muffatees*, by others *kitty cuffs*.

Now Mary was a quick knitter for her age, but a slow writer, and it requires no small share of resolution, as well as good-nature, to quit what we hope we can do pretty well, for what we fear we do but ill. Poor Mary was the whole morning copying this immense folio page, excepting one quarter of an hour, which she took to rest her cramped fingers, and which she spent in continuing the basket work fence round Robinson Crusoe's island. She had finished the last word, "*order*," with her best r, and moreover with the kind of r which Frank preferred to her own favourite r, when she heard the horses returning. She ran down into the hall to meet Frank, with the long sheet in her hand.

"Here it is, Frank! I have finished it quite! Take care! *order* is not quite dry yet," cried she.

But he was not in the delightful hurry to see it that she expected.

"Thank you, my dear! Thank you!" he said.

But it was plain that he was not thinking of what he

was saying; and who can value such thanks? He scarcely knew even what paper she held in her hand; and who could bear this? None but those who have as sweet a temper as Mary had.

Mary was disappointed and mortified, but she bore it well, and putting aside the paper, which contained her morning's work, she listened kindly to Frank, who began to tell her his adventures. She now observed, that he appeared much agitated.

"Look, Mary, my dear," cried he, as he took off his hat, and skimmed it from him upon the table in the hall. "Look what a hat is there! and it is well my head was not battered like my hat!"

"What has happened?" said Mary, who now looked, in his face, and saw that he was excessively hot. "Do tell me quick."

"My dear, I have been out hunting—that's all."

"Hunting! Frank! no surely! not real hunting."

"Yes, real hunting, and I have taken three leaps, wonderful leaps; and I have had a fall, that might have killed me: but do not look so frightened, you see I am not dead. I have only hurt my arm."

"Where? which arm?" said Mary.

"My left arm," said he, "just here."

Mary looked, and saw blood upon the coat. She started, and said she would run and tell his mother, that something might be done to his arm directly; but Frank caught her hand, and held her fast, saying that she must not frighten his mother; that his father had gone to tell her all that had happened.

"Does it hurt you to talk?" said Mary.

"Not in the least," said Frank. "Only do not look so frightened, and then I will tell you every thing. We were just riding home quietly, and I was talking to papa, very happily, about making bows and arrows, when, at the turn of the cross-road, hounds and horn were heard, and huntsmen came full gallop. My father called to me to pull in Felix, and I did so; and though I know he had a great mind to follow the hunt, he stood as quiet as a lamb, till somebody came up slashing a whip. Yes, master Tom. Whether he touched my horse or not, I cannot tell, but off went Felix; I heard my father calling to me, but I could not hold Felix in: I am not sure that I tried with all my strength, for I had a great mind to see the hunt, I own. So on I went, galloping fast, fast, fast! You can have no idea how fast, Mary: you would have shut your eyes, I know, and you would never have seen the great leap over the ditch in Youbgham manor! Such a leap! and I sat it! and tolerably surprised I was, when I found myself safe on Felix's back on the other side. Bravo! bravo! I heard, as one passed me, and another passed me, and I did not know who they were. Oh! how this arm hurts me! Well, as I was saying, on I went galloping along with the men, tally ho! tally ho! after the hounds in full cry; over another ditch clean went I (Felix for ever!) and got before Tom; till at last, oh, Mary! forcing through a gap in the hedge, I fancy my coat caught on a bush, or how it happened I do not well

know, but plump! squash I found myself at the bottom of a ditch. All rushes luckily at the bottom, except, unluckily, one stump of a bush, which ran into this arm; but what is the most extraordinary part of the story—"

What this was can never be known, for here Frank was interrupted by the entrance of his father and mother, and the good housekeeper, with lint and linen bandages. When Frank's coat was taken off, and his arm examined, a cut, or, as Mary chose to have it called, a *wound* appeared in the fleshy part of the arm. It had bled a great deal, and Mary seemed to feel much for this bleeding, though, as Frank laughing assured her, it did not hurt him in the least. He could not say as much when they came to dressing his wound; touching the raw part to draw it together was painful; but Frank held his arm out steadily, never twitching or wincing; Mary was glad when good old Mrs. Catherine fastened off her thread, after sewing the bandage; but when she said, that the arm would be as well as ever in two or three days, Mary thought this was treating the affair too slightly. But Mrs. Catherine was not, as she said, "one of those who pity boys for every slight hurt; she knew that a brave boy must not mind such things."

"Mind it! No, that I do not, as you see, I hope," said Frank, swinging his coat over his shoulders, and getting his arm into it without any body's help.

"But stay, Catherine, my dear Catherine, I must show you my leg; I believe I have a leg full of thorns. These trowsers are not fit for hunting in, like good men's

boots. The thorns went through them into my leg, like pins into a pincushion."

Mrs. Catherine, though much inclined to take the part of the trowsers, refrained, and smiled at the simile of the pins and the pincushion. The bare leg was produced: many little black specks appeared, and Mrs. Catherine went to work on these with her needle, first pecking at one, then at another. Six thorns were extracted, and of these two were such little black specks, that they could scarcely be seen on the point of the needle, till laid upon his mother's white handkerchief. Yet poking and probing for these, which had gone far into the calf, gave Frank more pain, at least more teasing, sickening pain, than the dressing of the great wound, as Mary called it. It was the more difficult to bear, too, because there was not only more pain, but less glory, and less pity. Mary did not pity him half as much, while he was undergoing the extraction of the thorns, as she had done at the sight of the flowing of the blood, which did not hurt him in the least. But Frank's mother knew, by the tight squeezing together of his lips, and by the pale streak under his eyes, how difficult he found it to stand this seemingly trifling trial. He went through it as a man should: and the experienced Mrs. Catherine gave him honour due, declaring, as she held the sixth thorn upon the point of her needle, that she had never seen a little man stand steadier, and would never desire to dress the wounds of a better soldier; and that she did not doubt but that he, who could stand

so well the probing for so many thorns, would be able to bear as well, when necessary, the probing for a bullet.

"*If* necessary," said his mother, laying a marked emphasis upon the *if*.

"We do not want to make a soldier of Frank," said his father, "but to make him a brave man, and then he will be whatever his duty requires."

"I hope so," said Frank. "And, papa, will you bespeak a pair of boots for me; for really these thin trowsers are not fit for a man to ride in, that is, to hunt in?"

His father made no reply, and Frank was not certain that his petition was heard.

After dinner, when he had refreshed and rested himself, and when he had recounted, for the second time, all his exploits of the morning, he recollected the page which Mary had copied for him, asked to look at it, and then she had the reward of her patience in his kindest thanks. Lying on the carpet, he began to read the list of man's virtues to her: but he did not proceed far in them before the fair columns were defaced by changes which he made, perhaps a little hastily. For instance, as soon as he came to *courage*, he looked down the page in search of *riding*, which used to come some time after Latin grammar, but he now crammed it in immediately after courage; and when he came to good-sense and good-nature, they changed places; good-nature was raised much higher up in the list than it was formerly. Frank gave no reasons for this change; but

he talked a good deal about Squire Rogers. Squire Rogers had helped to lift him out of the ditch; and had declared to Frank's father, even with an oath, that he would give more than he could count to have such a brave little fellow for a son.

Frank did not repeat this speech to Mary, or to his mother; but his father knew that he had heard it, and that it was, perhaps unconsciously to Frank, the cause of his sudden change of opinion of this gentleman. Frank told Mary, that though poor Squire Rogers was very ignorant of some things, yet in others that he was no fool, and that he was certainly remarkably good-natured.

Frank was very unwilling to go to bed that night, though he was exceedingly tired; but he continued, with his elbows on the table, talking, talking, talking, about men, horses, and dogs, till even Mary's eyes closed, notwithstanding her most complaisant endeavours to keep them open.

"Why do not you go to bed, Frank, you are tired?" said his mother.

"Tired! not in the least, ma'am—Why should you think that I am tired?"

"Because you have taken more exercise than usual to day. There is no disgrace in being tired, my dear."

"But I really am not tired, mamma," said Frank.

"And he is proud of that," said his father, smiling: "very natural, for a boy, who wishes to be thought manly."

"Oh, papa! to be *thought* manly!" repeated Frank, "say, to *be* manly."

"Well, Frank, I will say to be manly."

"Papa, would you be so very good as to bespeak for me a pair of boots?"

"I would," said his father, laughing, "if you could prove that they were necessary to your being manly."

"But seriously, father," said Frank, "they will be necessary to prevent the thorns from running into my legs again, the next time I go out hunting."

"The next time you go out hunting!" said his mother, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; for Squire Rogers, Mr. Rogers I mean, told me, there would be a hunt on Tuesday, and asked me to go with him; and I said I would, if you would give me leave, papa, and I hope you will."

Frank's mother sighed.

"Mamma, do not sigh," said Frank. "I shall not break my neck, though I know you are afraid I shall."

"Mamma, do not sigh," said Frank's father. "I will answer for it that Frank will not grow fond of vulgar flattery, or of vulgar company, though I know that you are afraid that he will."

Frank, at the half open door, stood to hear his mother's answer, but she looked down at her work, and was silent.

"My love," continued his father, "we must not expect too much from him. We must not expect——but I will finish my sentence, and answer you, Frank, about

the boots and the hunt to-morrow morning at breakfast. Go to bed now; after a night's sleep you will be more in a condition to hear reason."

"To hear what, father?"

"Reason, son."

"Is that all? I thought it was something about riding, papa," said Frank, still lingering, and swinging the door in his hand.

"Go to bed now, Frank, as you are desired," said his father. "Obedience is a manly virtue—it is at least a virtue necessary to a man."

Frank obeyed, and in his turn sighed.

Frank was at the breakfast table before any one else the next morning. Many subjects were spoken of, and many affairs were to be settled, before the business of the boots and of the hunt. All the affairs of England and of Europe were to be discussed in the newspapers of the day. At last his father put down the paper, and his eye turned upon Frank.

"Now, my boy——"

"Papa," said Frank, "may I say one thing before I hear the end of your sentence? When I wakened this morning, I began to think about what we were talking of last night, and I believe I shall not want man's boots, because, though Mr. Rogers asked me to go with him, it is better, I think, that I should not go out hunting."

His mother looked very much pleased.

"Your father was quite right, I see, Frank," said she, "when he prophesied that you would have more sense after a night's sleep."

"More sense than what, mamma?"

"More sense than you had last night, my dear Frank, when you wished to go out hunting again with Mr. Rogers and his rabble rout."

"Mamma," said Frank, "I am afraid you will not be pleased with me, but I must tell you the truth. I have not more sense this morning than I had last night, if it is foolish to wish to go out hunting again, for I own I do wish it."

"You are right to tell the truth at all events, Frank; and for that I must be pleased with you. And we have reason," said his mother, "to be still more pleased with you for conquering a foolish wish by your own reflections and good-sense—more pleased even than if you had not the wish."

"But, mamma, it was not my good sense that conquered."

"What then?" said his mother.

Frank hesitated.

"What?" said his father. "Perhaps you foresaw that I should refuse to let you go, and you did not like to have the mortification of being refused, and therefore you thought it was better to give it up of your own accord. Was that the case, Frank? Speak out, my boy, speak out; a brave man, a brave boy, is never afraid to speak his mind, whether he thinks it will please or dis-

please. If he is wrong, he knows he can be set right; if he is foolish, he knows he can learn to be wiser; but he is never afraid to tell his mind."

"Papa, I am not afraid to tell my mind. I did not think that you, papa, would refuse to let me go; but I thought that mamma would not like it, and therefore I resolved to give it up."

"Thank you, my dear Frank," said his mother. "I am persuaded that you would give up this and greater pleasure for me, if I were to ask you to do so; but I do not wish," continued she, turning to his father, "to work upon his feelings; I would rather that his understanding were convinced."

"So would I, my dear," answered his father; "but I am not clear that on this point we can convince his understanding. It is scarcely possible that a boy of his age, who has had no experience, can comprehend all the dangers of early keeping vulgar, ignorant company."

"But, papa, I would not keep company with them, but only go out hunting with them, you know; when I am on horseback, cantering, galloping, leaping, what harm can that do me? it can only teach me to ride better and better, and make me more brave and manly."

"And more and more fond of vulgar applause," said his mother: "of the applause of all those, who call out, 'Bravo, master Frank! bravo!' as you leap over the ditches. Recollect your own feelings: were not you urged on by this praise yesterday? And did not you

feel, that competition with master Tom, and emulation, excited you to exertion ?"

"Certainly, mamma; and so I felt when papa praised me for riding well, or being brave. If it is a good thing to ride well and be brave, those people, whether they are vulgar or not, are right to praise me for it, are not they ? and I am not wrong to like their praise about riding, because they can judge about that as well as papa."

"True," said his father; "but if you like their praise about your riding, you would probably become desirous of it on other subjects, or you would soon be satisfied with their admiration, without exerting yourself to obtain the esteem of those, who are better judges of excellence of different kinds. Besides, the being praised by ignorant people, even for what you deserve, and for that of which they can judge, would early join in your mind the idea of pleasure with that of vulgar applause, and even the association of your first pleasure in riding would be hurtful to you."

"The first pleasure of the first days of riding I shall always remember," said Frank: "they were with my father. Indeed, mamma, I really like the rides with my father much the best; I like so much to talk to him, and to hear what he says. But I do not know how it was, I was carried away by the pleasure of the hunt; and I own I should like to hunt again. I do not quite understand all your reasons against it; for I feel sure that I should not learn to like vulgar company. Will you let

me try once or twice, mamma? only once on Tuesday, papa?"

"No, Frank," said his father. "You must now be governed by my understanding and my experience."

Frank looked mortified and disappointed; but after a minute's thought, he said, "Very well, papa; I believe you and mamma know best what is good for me; I have always found it so at last, even when I did not think so at first."

"That is true," said Mary; "as we found about the separation-punishment, when we quarrelled."

"Come then, Mary," said Frank; "we will think of something else, and put boots and hunting out of my head. I will go out and look at the work you did yesterday at the island."

"Thank you," said Mary, "the very thing I wished. I have almost finished Robinson Crusoe's fence."

"And I will quite finish it with you to-day: I can work with my right arm; luckily, it was only my left that was hurt. And when I am tired of working, I have to think of Mrs. Wheeler's arbour."

It is a happy thing to have something to do, and something to think of, when one has met with a little disappointment.

In about two hours Mary and Frank returned, both looking very hot and very happy, Frank having quite worked off his disappointment.

"Papa, I am glad that you are not gone out," said he to his father, who was writing a letter; "I ran home as

hard as I could to tell you, that I saw Squire Rogers, on his horse Stamper, coming down the lane, and perhaps he may call here as he goes by; and if he does, will you be so good as to tell him, that I cannot go with him on Tuesday to the hunt.

"Why cannot you tell him so yourself, Frank?" said his father.

"I could, to be sure," said Frank; "but I would rather that you should speak for me, because—because—because—I do not know exactly why, but I should feel ashamed."

"Ashamed of what, Frank? Ashamed of doing what your father desires?"

"No, no, papa, certainly not; there is really nothing to be ashamed of in that: but it seems as if I was not a man."

"And are you a man?" said his father.

"No, papa," said Frank, laughing, "I know that I am a little boy; yet still, I do not know why, I feel ashamed."

"Never be ashamed without reason; conquer that foolish feeling." said his father.

"And besides," said Frank, moving from leg to leg, "too, besides——"

"Besides will do, without *too*," said his father.

"Besides, papa, when one is asked to do any thing, and asked in a good-natured manner, it is difficult to refuse sometimes."

"It is difficult sometimes; but it is often necessary, my dear son, and you must learn to do it."

"Oh, father! here is Squire Rogers coming up the avenue: I dare say that he is come on purpose to see how I do: how *very* good-natured! And if he asks me again to go to the hunt, how shall I have the courage to say no! I wish you would say it for me this time, papa."

"No, Frank," said his father: "you see I can say no to you, and yet I do not like to refuse any thing you ask; but it is necessary for a man to learn to say no, and the sooner you begin the better, even about such a trifle as this: you cannot have a better opportunity."

"Who is that with him, Mary?" said Frank. "Can you see between the trees?"

"Master Tom: I know him by the slashing of his whip."

"Worse and worse," said Frank to Mary. "I am very sorry he is come, that will make it more difficult to me."

"No, surely," said Mary, "it will not be difficult to refuse him: he is not so very good-natured!

"I do not say he is," said Frank, "but still——"

"Nor is he very agreeable," said Mary: "you do not like to ride with him as well as with papa. I remember you told me how much happier you were riding with papa, and talking to him, than Tom could be with his groom. Do not you recollect saying that to me?"

"Yes, I recollect it; and it is very true," said Frank. "I do not like him much."

"And I do not think he likes you much, Frank," said Mary.

"I do not think that he does, Mary: for when I was lying in the ditch, I saw him leap his horse over, without his ever stopping to see whether I was dead or alive. But still——"

"But still what?" said Mary. "I do not understand."

"You will understand some time or other, when you are older," said Frank. "Even when one does not like a person, and even if one does not wish to do what we are asked to do, if one is asked over and over, it is difficult to refuse. My dear! they are just at the door."

"He saw you, Frank: he beckoned to you, Frank."

"Did he beckon to me? Then it is for me he is coming. I had better go out and speak to him at once," said Frank, looking as if he summoned up all his courage.

Squire Rogers exclaimed, with delight, the moment Frank appeared at the hall door—

"My fine fellow! my brave little man! my bold little huntsman, how are you to-day? Oh, I see, bravely, bravely! glad of it, faith! How is the arm? and how are the legs? Right! right! I knew you'd be very well, and that you'd think nothing of such a fall as that, man! And the horse! how is he, Blacky, or Felix, or what do you call him, a fine creature too! his knees not hurt? And your father too, how is he? Aye, he knows how to bring up a boy; he has taught you to sit a horse wonderfully in the time; and when we have had you with us out after the hounds for a season, you'll be as good a

hunter as my friend Tom here. Shake hands, my brave man, and remember Tuesday morning at ten o'clock! I'll call for you."

The squire bent low to shake hands with Frank, who n the midst of these praises o himself, his horse, and his father, had not yet been able to speak: afraid that the squire should gallop off, before he had pronounced the necessary no, Frank held fast the hand which shook his.

"Not a minute to spare—can't light. My compliments and so forth to your father. Can't light, don't ask me," said the squire, drawing away his hand.

"I do not want you to alight, sir," said Frank, "but I have something I want to say very much."

"That's another affair; what is it, my dear little fellow," said the squire, bending down again to him: "ask any thing from me that I can lend or give but my horse, my dog, or my gun, and you shall have it, for you're a fine spirited little man; and, by all that's good! I love you as if you were my own: so speak freely."

"You are very good, exceedingly kind, I am very much obliged."

"Never mind your thanks, I'm a man will do any thing for those I love. What is it? to lend you a horse, hey? You shall have Tantivy, and you'll be the best mounted man or boy next to the squire himself, and so you deserve to be! and," added he, "a word in your ear—Tom's a little jealous of you; but never mind, you shall have Tantivy."

"Oh! thank you, sir, you are very, very good," said Frank, "thank you, but——"

"Not a word of thanks, my dear boy!" said the squire, gathering up his bridle, "not a word more."

"One word more I must say," cried Frank, catching hold of the bridle.

"Have a care, or the horse will kill you," cried the squire, drawing his horse back, with a look of terror: "Stamper will have his fore paw in your stomach, and knock you down, dead as king Harry the-Eighth. Ods my life! you frightened me, man, and I'm not easily frightened a-horse back; but, Frank, you're like a boy I lost, that was worth his weight in gold," said the squire, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead.

"The horses is hot," said Tom. "Jack says Stamper will take cold standing."

"No matter, I must have this little fellow's one word. But stand out of the horse's way, Frank, do, my darling. Get up on the steps, and I'll come to you."

Frank retreated to the steps, and as he stood on one of them, the squire, riding close up, again bent down, and, leaning his ear to Frank,

"What's the matter," said he, "for your little heart is full."

Frank, putting his arm round the squire's neck, whispered: "Good natured man, I cannot go with you."

"Not go with me? What do you mean—not go with me on Tuesday?"

"No, I must say no: that is the one word I had to say."

"I thought how it would end," said Tom with a sneer; "I could have sworn he would not go. I wonder, squire, you are so surprised."

"And why do not you go?" said the squire, looking hard in Frank's face; "art afraid?—not the lad I took you for."

"I am the lad you took me for," said Frank; "I am not afraid."

Tom sneered again.

"I am not afraid," said Frank, raising his voice as he looked at Tom.

"Never mind him, mind me," said the squire. "What is the reason you cannot come to the hunt?—you said yesterday that you would."

"I said I would if my father approved of it," said Frank; "but he does not! that is the reason that I cannot go."

"Then he is not the man I took him for," said the squire. "Yet he seemed glad enough to see you show spirit the other day. I see how it is: mamma is at the bottom of the business—mammas are always cowards and spoilsports."

"My mother is not a coward," said Frank, "and I do not know what you mean by a spoilsport."

Tom laughed in an insulting manner: but the squire said, that Frank was right enough to stand up for his own mother. "I've a great respect for your mamma,

my dear," said Mr. Rogers, holding out his hand to him.

Frank now gave him his hand again very readily.

"I am confident she's a woman of sense, not like my wife, who is as pale as a ghost if Stamper does but paw. Fear is natural to all females. But since you have got your father on your side, he will bring your mamma over in time, I hope, before Tuesday.

Frank answered, that his father and mother were both on the same side.

"That's bad," said the squire, "a bad hearing for you; but cannot you run in and tell her, that she may safely trust you with me? say I'll take as good care of you as of the apple of my eye."

"What a vulgar expression!" thought Frank.

"How he stands," cried Tom; "cannot you go in and coax her? I can make my mother do any thing by a litle coaxing, and cannot you?"

"No," said Frank. This time *no* was very clearly pronounced.

"But cannot you try?"

"No," said Frank.

"No! then I must try for you," said the squire: "sooner than that you should lose your day's hunt, I declare I'll light, and step in and reason it out with her myself; though reasoning with the women is not my practice; because there's few of them understand reason when they hear it. But there's no rule without an exception; Jack, hold Stamper while I go in," said he preparing to alight.

Frank eagerly begged that the squire would not give himself the trouble; for "I cannot go. Indeed, I cannot go," repeated he.

"Do you wish to come to the hunt, or do you not?" said the squire, angrily. "I hate shilly-shallying; do you wish to come with me or not? Yes or no."

"No, thank you, sir," said Frank, stoutly.

Tom touched the squire's shoulder with the handle of his whip, pointing upwards to an open window, from which Mary was leaning.

"Right," said the squire, winking in his vulgar manner, "I see what you mean, little pitchers have long ears. Come farther from the window, my man, come here under the trees. Now, without playing the good boy any longer, you may tell us all the truth."

"I have told the truth—I always tell the truth," said Frank in an indignant tone: "I have nothing more to say."

"Well, well, do not be angry, my little man," said the squire. "You need not grow as red as a turkey cock. Good morning to you, I am sorry they will make a Miss Molly of such a fine little fellow. I would have made a man of you—like Tom here."

Frank's countenance expressed, perhaps too plainly, that he felt no ambition to be like Tom.

"Like me! he despises me. Don't you see, squire, he is too fine a gentleman for that? too fine to keep company with with me, or *you* either, Squire Rogers," said Tom, with a marked emphasis on *you*.

"What's that? Say you so? Too fine a gentleman to keep company with me? Sits the wind in that quarter?" cried the squire. His countenance suddenly altering, he looked at Frank with a furious eye, the blood at the same time mounting in his face, which grew crimson in an instant. "My little fine gentleman, is this the meaning of your *much obliged to you, sirs?* I would have you, sir, and all whom it may concern, to know, that the Rogers's and the Squires's are as old a family as your own, and fit company for a prince of the blood, whatever you or yours may think of it, young Mr. Cockahoop. If ever I trouble myself to pick you or any thing like you out of a ditch—if ever I come again within these gates to look for you, my name's not Squires Rogers. Look you, master white face: I'll never speak to you again the longest day I live."

The oaths which he poured forth, in the fury to which he had now worked himself, shocked and amazed Frank to such a degree, that he stood motionless and breathless. The passionate squire set spurs to his horse, and galloped off, and Tom, after laughing immoderately, followed.

"What is the matter?" said Mary, as soon as Frank came up stairs into the room, where she and his father and mother were.

"Did you hear what he said at last, Mary?" said Frank.

"No, I only heard his voice very loud; but he was so far off, I could not hear any words distinctly."

"I'm glad of that," said Frank, "for they were not words fit for you to hear; and pray don't ask me any thing about it."

"Then pray," said Mary, "do not tell me any thing about it. Only this one thing I must ask, whether you ended with saying *no*, as you ought to do."

"That I did," answered Frank.

"And did you feel it very difficult to say it, and to hold firm to it?" said Mary.

"The first *no* was very difficult, when he was good-natured to me," said Frank. "But the last *noes* were very easy. I'm glad I have nothing more to do with him. Papa, even when the squire was most kind to me, I could not help observing, that he used very vulgar expressions. You were quite right, mamma; but he says, he'll never speak to me again."

"Not speak to you again!" said Mary. "A few minutes ago I heard him say you were worth your weight in gold, and that he loved you as if you were his own son. I thought that I saw you, Frank, with your arm about his neck."

"You did," said Frank, blushing. "I could not help liking him, when he said so many kind things to me, for I believe he was really sincere; I don't think he flattered me; and I was sorry for him, poor man, when he spoke of his son that died: but, mamma, how very extraordinary, that he should go so suddenly, in a few minutes, from praising me, and liking me exceedingly, to disliking me, and abusing me violently. I cannot tell

even what put him into such a rage; for it was not merely my saying *no;* it was something that Tom said about my being a fine gentleman."

"Ah! that Tom does not like you," said Mary. "I do believe he is envious."

"I never before saw or heard a man in such a passion," continued Frank. "It is very surprising, that he could change so quickly; but, mamma, you and papa don't appear at all surprised."

"No, my dear, it is not so surprising to us," said his father, "that a person, who has had little education, and who acts only from the fancy or the feeling of the moment, without being governed by reason, or by any steady principles, should, as you describe, love and hate, praise and abuse you in the course of a few minutes, and without any just cause. I am glad you have seen and felt some of the inconveniences that might arise from associating with such people."

"And I," said Frank, "am very glad I have nothing more to do with Squire Rogers, good-natured as he is."

"Now go," said his mother, "and eat that cherry pie with Mary, who would not eat any till you came in."

Frank, who wanted some refreshment after his fatigues of body and mind, obeyed his mother with even more than his usual alacrity; but when he came to the last cherry, he resumed his reflections.

"Father," said he, "was Squire Rogers really born a gentleman? for I remember in his passion he said,

that his family was as good as that of any gentleman in England."

"He is of a good ancient family; he was born, but not bred a gentleman; he was early suffered to keep low company, and he became fond, when a boy, of their vulgar jests, and he delighted in their vulgar praise. As a man, he has continued to feel the mean vanity of wishing to be the first person in company, and as he could not be superior in the society of gentlemen of cultivated minds, he shunned their conversation, in which he felt himself always uneasy; and he has lived with his inferiors, by whom he is admired:

> "Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
> Of vulgar and ignoble beasts."

"Papa," said Mary, "I know where those lines are."

"Do you indeed, Mary?" said Frank. "How odd it is that you should know what I do not. Where are those lines?"

"Guess," said Mary.

"Say more of them," said Frank, and then I will tell you, if I know where they are."

Mary repeated,

> "A lion cub, of sordid mind,
> Avoided all the lion-kind."

"Oh, Frank, I have told it to you now; if you do not know it now you never read it: nor did I ever read it till yesterday. May I take down the book—your large beautiful Gay's Fables, with prints, mamma?"

"You may," said she.

She took down the book, and found the fable of the Lion and the Cub, which Frank begged that she would read to him, whilst he eat a second edition of cherry pie.

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THE winter and spring passed, and summer came again. Nothing remarkable occurred in Frank's history during some months.

We must not, however omit the history of some rides, which he took at different times with his father. In one of these he went to see his friend Colonel Birch, who was now, to his great happiness, with his regiment, quartered in a neighbouring town. Colonel Birch rode with them to the race-ground, where the regiment were then exercising by the officer second in command.

Frank had never, till now, seen soldiers manœuvred. It was a regiment of horse; and Frank was much amused with seeing them perform their exercises. He observed how obedient men and horses were to the word of command, and how useful and necessary it was that they should be so. The regiment were now dismounted, and having formed into a line, Colonel Birch, turning to Frank, said quickly, "Dismount, Frank, and give your horse to this man to hold."

Frank did so, with the same promptness with which he saw the soldiers obey. The instant afterwards he heard a man call out some words, which he did not distinctly hear, and all the soldiers fired at once, with a noise that made Frank start, and Felix rear and plunge so much, that the man could scarcely hold him. Frank observed, that Colonel Birch's horse, and the horses of all the soldiers, stood perfectly quiet during the firing.

"Yes," said his father: "because they have been trained or taught to do so."

"And whenever you can leave Felix with me," said Colonel Birch, "for some time, I will have him taught to stand fire, if you like it. It is all custom: you, Frank, will stand fire the next time better yourself; you will not start so much as you did just now, when you next hear the men fire."

"I wish, sir, you would make them do it again," said Frank.

"By and by," said the colonel, "they will fire again."

"Would you be so very good as to give me notice beforehand, that I may be prepared?" said Frank.

"When you hear the words 'Make ready,' be prepared, for 'Fire' will come soon afterwards," said the colonel.

As soon as Frank heard the words 'Make ready,' he stood firm and upright, but squeezing the handle of his whip very hard. 'Present! Fire!' Frank stood fire this time with only a little, scarce perceptible start.

And the third time there was only a twinkling of the eye-lashes.

Colonel Birch smiled, and said, "There's the making of a good soldier in that boy."

When Frank returned home, after this ride, he acted all that he could remember of the horse exercise, repeated it almost unceasingly for his mother and Mary; and he showed how Felix reared and plunged when the firing came; and how he, the last time, stood stock still, all except his eye-lashes. The twinkling of the eye-lashes he carefully excepted; for though Frank, it must be acknowledged, was sometimes rather vain, he was always perfectly true; his vanity never made him conceal any circumstance that made against himself, that is to say, when he recollected it. But his head was so full of soldiers, and sergeants, and colonels, and uniforms, and pistols, and powder, and make ready! present! fire!—and he repeated so often, "Mary, did I tell you what Colonel Birch said of me? Mamma, do you know Colonel Birch said, 'There's the making of a good soldier in that boy?'"—that his mother at last could bear it no longer, and she insisted on his being quiet, or going into the hall to finish his exercise.

A few days after this, his father took him to see a review. He was amused by the galloping and firing, and looking at the foot soldiers marching in lines, as if they were all machines, their legs, as he said, like parts of a stocking-frame, which his father had once shown him. He admired at first the fine caps and helmets of

the officers, but he observed that these were hot and heavy. He was excessively hot himself, standing in the broiling sun to see the review, which he thought lasted rather long. When he was afterwards sitting cool and comfortable in Colonel Birch's room, he heard that two or three of the soldiers had *dropped* (fainted with the heat.) He expressed his surprise and pity: but the colonel said, that this was nothing uncommon; that it was part of a soldier's duty to bear heat and cold as it happened; and as he spoke he took off his own heavy high helmet, and wiped his forehead and face. Frank said, "I perceive that being a soldier or an officer is not all play and pleasure."

"No, in truth," said Colonel Birch: and some other officers who were with him laughed: and one said, "If he thinks so much of this day's heat, what would he think of the heat we had in Spain?"

The officers then began to talk to one another of the different battles in which they had been, in Spain, France, and Flanders. First they spoke with triumph of the battle of Waterloo. This delighted Frank, and more than ever he wished to be a soldier. But then another described the field of Waterloo the day after the battle; and he told such horrible things, that Frank's blood thrilled; and then he thought, that for the whole world he would not be a soldier. The officers closed round, talking eagerly, without minding him, or recollecting that he was present. He heard the truth about the hardships, as well as the pleasures, of a soldier's

life. He looked at the prints which were hanging up in the room, the battles of Alexander, and the deaths of General Wolfe and Nelson; but when he came home this day, he read over again, with Mary, the "Price of Victory" in "Evenings at Home."

One ride, which Frank took about this time, he told his mother and Mary was the most delightful ride in the world: he said "it was charming! beautiful! most beautiful!—All rocks, and trees, and water, mamma; and water, and trees, and rocks, Mary—you understand. First, mamma, we went along your favourite lane, then out into the common, and there was fine cantering till we reached a great wood, and came under high shady trees; then we went on winding and winding round the corners of rocks, not knowing what was to come next, but at every turn something always appeared more beautiful than before. At last we came to a park, and from all that I could see of it over the paling, it is the most beautiful park in the world: it is called Bellombre."

"What a pretty name!" said Mary.

"But," continued Frank, "when we came to the park gate—oh, disappointment, Mary! the people were not at home; and the woman at the gate stood with her great keys in her hand, deaf, and stupid, and cross; so cross, that she would not let us in, even to go through. But I had one comfort; we came home by a quite new way, which I will not describe to you, because papa says you shall drive there some time and see it, and seeing is

better than all the descriptions in the world—quite another thing." On this point, as in most others, Mary agreed with Frank in taste.

No more accounts of Frank's rides at this season have reached us. Felix was sent to Colonel Birch to be taught to stand fire.

About this time, Frank read some accounts of shipwrecks, in which he saw how useful it is to know how to swim, to save the lives of others or his own. And in looking for the article *swimming*, in some encyclopedia, he learned that the ancients considered this art as so necessary a part of education, that when they wanted to describe a rude, ignorant man, they said, that he had never learned either to read or to swim.

Immediately, with Mary's assistance, he hunted through the library for an "Art of Swimming on Dry Land," which once upon a time, in dusting the books, he remembered to have seen. They found it, and, in compliance with the directions there given, he began to sprawl on the floor, and spread out his arms for fins, working with his legs, as fishes do with their tails. This exercise Mary could never see with as much gravity as Frank required; and still she argued, that swimming in real water must be so different, that she did not think this swimming on the boards could be of much use.

He never listened much to her objections, till she one day found, in one of Franklin's letters, some advice, which fixed his attention, and he started up from the floor to listen to her, as she read to him—

"You will be no swimmer till you can place some confidence in the power of the water to support you. I would therefore advise your acquiring that confidence in the first place."

"But look here," said Frank, turning over the page, and pointing to another passage, "he says, that if a person, unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning, till, perhaps, help would come."

But all depends, as Frank's mother observed, upon the person's letting the body take this natural position; and what this might be Frank was not sure: he looked back to find out; and read several observations and directions; and Mary found they all ended by saying,

"I cannot depend on your having the necessary presence of mind to recollect that posture, and the directions I gave you relating to it. The surprise may put all out of your mind."

"Well then," said Frank, "let us see how it is necessary to acquire this confidence in the power of the water to support one, which he talks of so much."

Mary read on as follows—

"Choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it, till it is up to your breast, then turn round, your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water, between you and the shore. It will sink to the

bottom, and be easily seen there, as the water is clear. It must lie in water so deep, that you cannot reach it to take it up but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in undertaking to do this, reflect, that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water, and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above water. Then plunge under it with your eyes open, throw yourself toward the egg, and endeavouring, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward, till within reach of it. In this attempt, you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined; that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power, while your endeavours to overcome it, and to reach the egg, teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming, to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it."

Frank wanted to set about this experiment of the egg immediately, and said he knew a very good shallow place near his island. But his mother insisted upon it, that nothing should be done without asking his father's advice upon the subject. Now his father was out riding, and he was obliged to wait for three hours, which he did with tolerable patience, amusing himself in the interval with reading all that Franklin says on the art of swimming

in his own life, and in one of his essays, in answer to some inquiries of a friend on the subject. Some experiments which Franklin tried when he was a boy particularly interested him, especially one about swimming across a pond, without the least fatigue, by the help of a paper kite. The moment his father alighted from his horse, and before he had time to lay down his whip, Frank ran to him, and catching hold of him, said,

"Papa, will you be so good as to teach me to swim? and to-morrow may I try the experiment of the egg and the paper kite, which I will read to you now, if you please."

His father thanked him, but said that he had not time just then; however, at a proper opportunity, he undertook to teach him, or rather to let him learn to swim.

When he had leisure, he allowed Frank to try the experiment of the egg, but that of the kite must be postponed, he said, till he was older, and till he should know well how to swim.

He promised his mother, that he would never go into the water unless his father should give him leave, and his father always was present during his first attempts. After he had acquired that necessary confidence in the support of the water, on which Franklin and Mary laid such judicious stress, he went into the water without fear, and found that he could attend to the instructions given him, which, at first, were simply to keep himself balanced as well as he could by moving his arms about.

During the course of this summer, before the cold weather came on, Frank could swim tolerably well, and often he wished to swim when he was alone; but as his mother had required, that he should not attempt this, he repressed this desire as far as he could, nor did he torment her by asking above a hundred times to absolve him from his promise, and to allow him to swim alone. His mother was so secure of his honour, that she never was anxious on the subject.

At last Felix returned, and Frank's next ride was to Colonel Birch, who was manœuvring the regiment this day himself, therefore could not speak to them; and Frank thought it was very long and tiresome, till it came to the moment when Felix was to show that he could stand fire, which he did. Frank sat him, and, as he told Mary, this was all the diversion he had on parade; it was only the same thing over and over again, and he was glad when it was finished, and when Colonel Birch could come to them.

"In his own house," said Frank, "or in his own castle (for he is lodged in the castle), he was very agreeable and kind, mamma, as he always is, in recollecting that I am by, and in showing me and telling me entertaining things. As we passed along the passages of the castle, he showed me the narrow slits in the thick walls, the loop holes through which people used to watch and ward, and fire; and he told me about how castles and places were defended, both before and after the invention of fire arms, Mary. But I need not tell you

this, because you will never have to defend places. But I must tell you a story about playing with fire arms, because that will be useful to you and every body."

"Playing with fire arms useful! What can you mean, Frank," said his mother.

"Not playing with them, I mean, mamma. When we went into the colonel's own room, he took up one of a pair of Spanish pistols to show papa, and he said, 'I believe they are not loaded, but I never trust to that belief without trying.' Then he thrust the ramrod, as it is called, down into the pistol, and showed me how to try whether a pistol is loaded or not. And he advised me, never to snap a pistol or gun, without first trying whether it is loaded. He told me, that when he was a boy, he was once very near killing his own brother by playing with a gun, which he thought he was quite sure he had left unloaded; but his servant had loaded it again, and set it up in the corner of the parlour, and Colonel Birch, not knowing this, at night, by candlelight, took up the gun, and in foolish play, said to his brother, 'Dare you stand fire?' He fired, and the bullet whizzed by, put out the candle, and lodged ——— he did not know where—for there was dead silence for an instant. His brother spoke and told him he was not hurt: the bullet had lodged in the wainscot just over his head.

"Colonel Birch could not tell this without shuddering. But I must make you shudder again, Mary, with another horrible story."

"Oh! Frank, pray tell me the story that will make me shudder—is it true?"

"Quite true, papa said so; and papa said it happened to a relation of his own, a gentleman who was very fond of his wife.

"One day her husband, in play, to try if she would be frightened, took up a gun that was in the corner of the room, feeling quite sure it was not loaded, and he pointed it at her: but she smiled, and said, she knew he would not hurt her; she did not shrink, or change countenance, but was so composed and quiet, that it was no diversion to him to try to frighten her more; and though he had his finger on the trigger of the gun, he did not pull it, but went to put it again in its place. Before he put it by, however, he ran the ramrod down, to show, as he thought, that it was not loaded; but to his astonishment and horror, he found a bullet in it. Oh! Mary, if he had fired it—if he had shot his wife!"

"Poor man!" said Mary; "how frightened he must have been."

"Do you know, Mary, by the bye, the trigger of a gun, or of a pistol; and do you know how they are loaded and fired?"

"Not exactly."

"Nor did I *exactly*, till this morning," said Frank. "I had a general notion, but then I did not know about the touch hole, and the spark from the flint, which sets the gun-powder on fire. My father showed and explained all this to me, and he will, I dare say, show it

to you if you ask him, because there is no harm in women knowing about these things, is there, mamma?"

"Far from harm, there is use; they will then know where and what the real danger is," answered his mother.

"And not be like some foolish lady, whom I heard say, she would not sit in a room with a gun, or a pistol, lest it should shoot her of itself. But, Mary," said Frank, "I was going on to tell you, what I have forgotten twenty times—what gunpowder is made of. It is made of—do you know, Mary?"

"No," said Mary.

"I will not tell you, Mary, till papa shows you how a pistol is fired; because, then, you will remember it as I do now. I am very glad to know all about these manly things; they are *must wants* to man," said Frank, "and when I am a man—"

"My dear Frank," interrupted his mother, "it will be a good while before that time comes. Finish first what you have to tell us about Colonel Birch, and do not go off to what you are to do when you are a man."

"Well, ma'am: he showed me next one of the sort of guns, muskets, which people used when fire arms were first invented, and before they were perfected, when people did not hold them in their hands all the time they primed, and loaded, and fired: Mary, one of our history facts was of use to me, and I was very glad to recollect it. When Colonel Birch was showing me in a book some strange old engravings of a battle, at

which fire arms were first used, I knew it was the battle of Crecy."

"I am glad you knew it," said Mary.

"So am I, because that made Colonel Birch talk to me a great deal more, and show me a fine old bow; and he would have told and showed me many other things; but, unluckily, somebody came to call for him, and he and papa were obliged to go and talk to some men, and they did not choose to take me. So I was left alone a good while."

"In the room with the guns and pistols," said Mary. "But I am sure you did not meddle with them."

"No, indeed!" said Frank. "Touch them! after all Colonel Birch had said!"

"Oh no; to be sure, you never touch what is not your own," Mary began—but she stopped short; for she did not like to put him in mind of the unhappy day, when he meddled with the engineer's instruments. Frank recollected it, however, and looked ashamed.

"Well, what did you do when you were left alone in Colonel Birch's room?"

"I looked at the prints and books, for he told me that I might; and among the books I found one, which Colonel Birch had borrowed from my father: there was my father's name in it, and an inscription stamped in printed gold letters—'Prize Book;' and the date of the time when it was given to him at school."

"And what was the book?" said Frank's mother.

"Homer's Iliad, translated by Mr. Alexander Pope, mamma."

His mother smiled; he did not know why.

"Go on, my dear."

"So I went on mamma, looking at this book; and I recollected papa's having told me once something about the heroes in Homer's Iliad, Achilles and Hector, being fond of talking to their horses, as I did to Felix. So I looked to find this. And my father had said too, that I should like somebody with a hard name, which I could not remember; but I thought, that if I saw the name in the book, I should be sure to know it, so I turned over the leaves, one by one: and as I was turning over the pages, I saw some beautiful lines about the moon, Mary, which I got by heart for you."

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

Frank repeated these lines as if he felt their spirit thoroughly. Mary was so much struck with them, that she stood silent with admiration.

She afterwards asked him to say them again: and she liked them better the second time than the first: she

wished to hear more of that poem, she said, and she and Frank asked his father if they might read to themselves the great Homer in his study. He thought that they could not yet understand it all, and that, therefore, it would tire them if they attempted to read it to themselves; and thus they would spoil the great pleasure which they would certainly have in reading it at a future time. Before they could understand the Iliad, they must, he said, have some knowledge of the fabulous histories of the heathen gods and goddesses, or what is called ancient mythology.

"Papa," said Frank, "you forget that you did explain some of this to us, and you lent me a little book, from which mamma says we have learned all that is necessary for understanding the Iliad and Odyssey."

Finding upon examination that this was true, his father told him, as shortly as he could, the general history or argument of the poem, and complied with his request of reading a few passages to him. He thought, that even hearing the sound of good lines, early forms or teaches the ear to like harmonious poetry.

Among the passages, which their father read to them, was the account of some games of wrestlers, and racers, and chariot drivers. And when his father read of these, and came to Antilochus, Frank recollected that this was the name of the chief whom his father said he would like; and though it is dangerous often to praise beforehand, yet Frank did like Antilochus, for acknowledging when he was wrong in having overturned his rival's

chariot in the race, and Frank admired him for giving up the prize, which he had unfairly won.

Frank and Mary were sorry when the book was closed, and they hoped that another day they should hear some more. They wished particularly to hear something of the parting of Hector and Andromache: for they had seen a print of it representing his taking off his helmet, because it frightened his little child.

Mary went to search in the large portfolio for this print, and she found it, and read with fresh delight the following lines, which were written under the print:

"Th' illustrious chief of Troy."

"That means Hector, you know," said Frank.

"Th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground."

Late one evening Frank's father came in with a letter in his hand. Frank heard him read it. It was from his friend the engineer, and it concluded with these words:—

"I shall be with you in three days after you receive this letter, and I hope that I shall find that my young friend——"

"That's me," said Frank.

"Has made himself, according to his good resolution, quite clear about day and night, and summer and winter."

"My dear Frank," said Mary, "have you ever thought of it since?"

"I did *once*," said Frank. "I understood it almost then, and I dare say I can recollect it, though I own it is a very long time since I thought of it."

"You can try and explain it to me," said Mary, "and that will do you good and me too."

Frank began trying to explain. But after making sundry motions with his hands, and saying the earth goes round the sun this way, and the moon goes that way, and this way—he found that Mary could not understand him; he must wait then, he said, till the lamp was lighted in the hall, and then he was sure he could make it perfectly plain. When the lamp was lighted, he with Mary's assistance placed under it an oval table.

"Now, Mary, my dear, I will act the earth for you," said he. "Let that lamp be the sun, which always stands still, and I will be the earth, which never stands still, and by and by you shall be the moon; but we shall not come to the moon yet. So as yet you have nothing to do but to look at me. Now it shall be the time of the equinox, equal day and night: so my head

being the globe of the earth, you see the light shining upon my face, and half my head. And now the earth begins to turn, turn, turn, slowly round, and in twelve hours has turned half round, thus: then it is night for my face, which is in the dark, and it is day light for the back of my head. Then the earth turns, turns, and in twelve hours more has turned quite round on its axis."

"Axis!" interrupted Mary, "what do you mean by axis?"

"Axis! my dear Mary, don't you know what axis means? Why! axis means—it is so easy I cannot explain it to you, if you cannot see what it means: the earth turns upon its axis, you know, and I turn upon my axis, you see."

"You turn upon your foot, but the earth has no foot, Frank."

"No; nor has it an axis any more than a foot in reality. The earth's axis is only a supposed pin, or a pole on which it is supposed to turn; and one end of that pole is the north pole, and the other end the south pole. Here, the top of my head is the north pole, suppose."

"I must suppose a great deal," said Mary. "Well, I understand about day and night, at the equinox; but now tell me the cause of the different lengths of day and night, at different times of the year: that's the difficulty."

"No difficulty, Mary, if you will only look at me.

Look, I go round the earth on my own axis, that makes day and night, and round the sun at the same time, for summer and winter."

"*For* summer and winter?" said Mary.

"My dear Mary, if you *stick* at every word you will never understand."

"But, my dear Frank, I must *stick* if I don't understand; and, indeed, if you will not let me tell you the word, at which I stick, I am afraid I never shall understand. I am very stupid."

"No, you are not stupid, my dear. Only, never mind words, I cannot explain it in words; but look at me, and you will understand it all perfectly."

She looked with resigned attention, while Frank went on spinning on one foot, and at the same time advancing continually in his circuit round the oval table, still calling as he went—"Day! night! equinox! summer! longest day! equinox! shortest day!"

But before Mary could understand this, Frank grew sick with spinning round. His head failed before the earth had completed its annual journey round the sun, he stopped, and, staggering to a chair, sat down, declaring that he could not act earth for Mary any longer till he had rested.

She pitied him, and blamed her own dulness of comprehension; but after resting himself a few minutes, Frank started up, exclaiming,

"You are right and I am wrong. Oh! I forgot that the axis of the earth must be sloping: there could

be no summer or winter without that, Mary: do you understand ?"

"No."

Mary looked still more stupified than before.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, stopping him, "you cannot possibly explain what you do not clearly comprehend. You had better, as your friend the engineer advised, read the explanations of these things, in Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. Here are the passages which he took the trouble to mark for you."

Frank read the titles of the chapters, "'On the diurnal motion of the earth,' 'The daily motion of the earth,' that I know perfectly well," said he. "Then comes, 'Of day and night.' To be sure, all that every body knows, Mary. 'Of the seasons.' This I will read directly: for this is the thing I do not know."

"The *only* thing I do not know," he would have said, but that he was restrained by something like modesty. He sat down to the chapter on the seasons, telling Mary that he should finish it, and have it all clear for her before he went to bed.

Perhaps from his not having read those two preceding chapters, at which he disdained to look, he found the affair of summer and winter still incomprehensible. And as *young* readers sometimes quarrel with a book, when they should quarrel with themselves, Frank began to criticise rather severely.

"Now, in this first sentence, the very first thing I want to know I cannot make out. The man says the axis of

the earth is inclined 23½ degrees. I don't know what he means by '*degrees*,' '*direction parallel to itself*.' '*orbit*,' '*elliptical*,' '*a long ellipse*,' '*vertical to the tropic of cancer*,' '*vertical to the equator*,' '*apparent diameter*.' I am sure I don't know what he means. I wish he would leave out his hard words, and tell me plainly what one wants to know. He has made it so difficult, that it is really impossible for any body living to understand it," cried Frank.

Mary, who was growing sleepy, said, that it was very foolish for any body to write what nobody living could understand; and with that wise conclusion, she went off to bed.

"Mamma," continued Frank, "I do believe this man does not understand it himself, because he cannot explain it."

"Because you cannot understand his explanation, do you mean, Frank?"

"No, mother; but I really do not think he knows clearly what he is about. Now, ma'am, just listen to this; here is one great mistake, I am sure," cried Frank.

"The tutor says, 'we are, indeed, more than three millions of miles nearer the sun in December than we are in June.'—What! nearer the sun in winter than in summer? You know, mamma, that is absurd. What an ignorant, foolish tutor!"

"I will not say, what an ignorant, foolish boy," said Frank's mother.

Frank, abashed, read on for some time in silence, and

perceived, by what followed, that the poor tutor was right, and that he was wrong: but when he came to something about the sun's apparent diameter, and some figures with commas placed after them, he passed over them, because he could not tell what they meant. And in the next page, "What is the use," said he to himself, "of telling me, that, 'secondly, in summer the days are very long, and the nights short;' I know that without this tiresome *secondly*."

In short, Frank quarrelled with every thing he met with, either as too easy or too difficult: and when he came to the last page, he declared, that he understood no more than he did at the first: and his mother believed him, and advised him to go to bed; something, too, she said about conceit and presumption, which Frank did not like to hear. He retired much mortified: he was glad, however, that Mary had gone to bed, and had not heard his foolish criticisms, or the just rebuke which he had received.

The next day, in a fitter disposition to learn, he returned to the book; and this time he took his mother's advice, and began at the beginning, and read carefully all that had been marked for him. And this time when he came to any thing which he did not comprehend, he did not either skip it or quarrel with it, but stopped to inquire from his mother the meaning of the words, or to look back for their previous explanation. He was surprised to find how much there was in the chapters, which he had missed, which he did not know, or which

he had not accurately understood. Still more surprised was he at discovering how necessary it is perfectly to understand each part before he could comprehend the next. To make amends for last night's impatience, he was to day resolutely patient and persevering. But this morning he worked too hard and too long, as Mary observed: he would not stir from the book all the morning. His mother in vain remonstrated, assuring him, that he would tire himself; and she refused at last to hear him read any more, or to assist him with further explanations.

"But my dear mother," said Frank, "do pray let me finish this chapter, and then I will go out and play: when once I understand what is meant by a degree, I will go out, but not till then, Mary, if I sit here till dinner time, so you need not wait for me, my dear."

She did wait, however, and waited in vain. Frank read and read on, and fatigued himself so excessively, that he grew quite stupid, and in that condition his mother found him when she returned from her walk, some time after the dressing bell rang.

"Mamma, it is not for want of perseverance now," said he, with a tremulous voice; "I have been at it four hours! And I am sure this time it is not from conceit," added he with a sigh. "I am so stupid, that I am sure I never can understand all this about summer and winter; and the engineer will come the day after to-morrow, and after all he will find me like the triangle man: there are some things I believe I never can understand. Oh, mamma! I am exceedingly stupid."

"No, my dear," said his mother, "you are not exceedingly stupid, but you are exceedingly tired: you will understand all these things in time, if you will not read too much at once."

"In time, mamma! Do you mean before the engineer comes? Consider, I have only two days: here is one day quite lost. Oh, mamma! I wish you had ordered me to go out," said Frank. "You know I could not have disobeyed you; and then I should not have lost the whole day."

His mother told him, that she had thought it better to leave him to learn by his own experience.

"It is very difficult to stop," said Mary, "when one is eager to go on."

"Very difficult not to do too little or too much at once," said Frank.

Very difficult, his mother acknowledged, not only for such a little boy as Frank, but for grown up people.

"Even for you, mamma? Do you ever feel this?" said Frank.

"Often, my dear."

This was some consolation.

"Now go and get ready for dinner; we will take a pleasant walk this evening to refresh you, and to-morrow I will read with you for one hour, my dear Frank, and I dare say we shall find that you are not stupid."

The next day Frank, with revived resolution, renewed his attempts: this time he neither did too little nor too much. He gave his whole attention to what he was

about, while he was reading, and when he felt that he could attend no longer, he did not go on reading words without understanding their meaning; but honestly confessed he was tired, laid down the book, and went out to refresh himself with bodily exercise.

Before the two days were at an end, and before the engineer returned, Frank had conquered his difficulties; and with his mother's assistance he clearly understood what he had thought that he could never comprehend.

In the intervals of these, his serious studies, Frank had relieved his attention, and amused himself happily, by acting, with Mary, Madera and the English captain. His black hat, great coat, and black silk handkerchief did what they could towards metamorphosing Mary into the English captain; though Frank complained that she never looked bluff enough; but she thought he looked very much like Madera, when he wore a large basket-work hat, of her making, after the Chinese, or, rather, the great Loo-choo fashion, such as the pattern in the engravings.

Madera's behaviour on various occasions, especially when he dined with the captain, was acted to the life; and that sentence of English, which he had learned to pronounce so well, "Take mustard *to him*, *Tom*," was not forgotten.

The second day they acted the two knights, disputing about the gold and silver shield; but, for want of a benevolent druid, to come by and settle their differences exactly at the right time, they were obliged to end the scene tragically, by the death of both knights.

No riding for Frank this week, for his father was attending his public duty at the assizes. He was absent from home all day, and seldom returned till after Frank's bed time. But the day when the assizes were over he happily came back at tea time, and Frank had the pleasure of hearing him give an account of some entertaining trials: he was so good as to stop in his narrative several times, to explain to Frank whatever he did not understand about *impannelling* the jury, *cross examining* witnesses, and giving a *verdict*. From an entertaining trial in "Evenings at Home," Frank had acquired some notion of these things; but now he was still more interested in hearing of what passed in a real court of justice. In one of these trials it happened, that the life of a man accused of a robbery was saved by the clear evidence and the character for truth of a boy of eleven years old. Frank and Mary could think and talk of nothing but this boy, and this trial, the next morning, till they heard the sound of a carriage.

"Oh, Frank, it is our friend the engineer!" said Mary, "I hope you have not forgotten the axis of the earth!"

Frank's attention had been turned so completely to the trial, that he was afraid he had forgotten all the seasons, and their change. No—there is no danger that what has been once thoroughly understood, and well learned, should be soon forgotten. Though Frank's attention had been turned to new and interesting things, yet he found that he could easily recal to his mind what

he had learned; he knew the reasons for each step as he went on, and each came to his recollection in proper time and order.

His friend the engineer was satisfied.

"Now, my dear," said he, "I am at your service. If there is any thing that you wish to know, which I can explain to you, I will. Or if there is any thing that I can do for you, ask, and I shall be glad to assist you."

Frank thought for an instant, and the colour came into his face: Mary wondered what he was going to ask.

"Sir, there is one thing you could do for me," said Frank, "that I should like very much. Would you be so good as to walk with us this morning, or this evening, or whenever you have time, to see a boy who is very ingenious: a gardener's son, who is making a sun dial, and who is in a great difficulty about it; and you could help him, I dare say: would you be so good?"

"And would you rather that I should do this for the gardener's son than any thing for yourself?"

"Much rather," said Frank.

"Then I will do this first, and you shall afterwards find out something, that I can do for you," said the engineer.

All approved of Frank's request; Mary especially rejoiced, for she had never been at the gardener's with the green gate since he had his new hot house.

The walk was pleasanter than usual to Frank, though it was not new: perhaps because he was pleased with

the consciousness that he was doing what was good-natured. The gardener's boy was at work at his sun dial when they arrived, with a book open beside him, and a print of a sun dial, marked with many cross lines, squares, letters, and figures. Frank read over the boy's shoulder, "*New geometrical method of constructing sun dials;*" and saw the pages full of what he could not understand; but he felt happy in showing the engineer how much this boy knew; and Frank hoped, that he should in time know as much: meanwhile, he stood by rejoicing that the engineer seemed to like Andrew, whose modesty, indeed, pleased him as much as his industry and ingenuity.

The engineer kindly showed the boy where he had been wrong in his attempts at constructing his sun dial, and put him in the way to execute it rightly.

Frank ran for some copies of maps, which he had seen of Andrew's drawing; and, when he had examined them, the engineer said, "If this young lad will apply steadily for another year, and improve himself in certain things which I shall point out, I will employ him as one of my surveyors."

Andrew's eyes sparkled with joy; and the old gardener, who knew what a great advantage this would be to his son, thanked the engineer with a bow, such as Frank had never seen him make before.

"My dear Frank," whispered Mary, "how glad you must be that you asked the engineer to come here!"

"Glad! I never was so glad in my life," said Frank. He afterwards said to Mary,

"Do you know, I really think I felt happier in showing that poor boy's drawings and maps, than if I had done them all myself, and had been ever so much praised for them?"

It may have been observed, Frank loved praise, perhaps too much. But now, when he had an opportunity of feeling the pleasure of benevolence, he discovered how much greater it is than the selfish triumph of vanity.

'Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

FRANK liked apricots, grapes, figs, mulberries, and dewberries too; if, as the learned suppose, dewberries must here mean raspberries. Fine Antwerp raspberries the gardener of the green gate possessed, and all that he had was this evening eagerly offered to his guests, to whom, on his son Andrew's account, he felt most grateful: he first presented, or was going to present, to Frank his finest peach, his largest, ripest violet peach, which is, as he said, esteemed by many the queen of fruits. Frank, however, drew back a little behind Mary, as he saw the gardener's hand and the queen of fruits moving towards him, and the peach was offered to Mary.

"I wish you would show her," said Frank, "all that you showed me when I was here before, and tell her every thing you can that is curious and entertaining."

"With pleasure," said the gardener. "Andrew, my

boy, bring the best basket after us, for cherries may stain the young lady's white frock. But she must have some of my cherries."

Andrew followed with the basket, which was soon filled with fruits from all parts of the world; and as each was put into the basket, Mary was asked if she knew from what country it originally came. Some she knew, and some she was told, and some she remembered, and some she forgot. Grapes, she believed, came from France and Italy, peaches and nectarines from Persia.

"Nectarines," as the learned gardener added, "owe their name to nectar, which master Frank no doubt knows was the poetical drink of the gods."

Our friend the gardener, in the joy and gratitude of his heart, was lavish of his learning, which he thought more valuable than fruit or flower. With every flower he gathered and presented to her he gave the Latin name, seldom the English, till particularly inquired for. To most of these Latin names he added, in the same language, the names of the family, class, and genus, to which each individual properly belonged.

When he got among his geraniums, and was set a-going by Mary's asking him the name of one, with large bright scarlet flowers, he could not leave them till he had introduced to her twenty-four geraniums, or pellargoniums, as he called them. The twenty-four names of the pellargoniums went in at one of Mary's little ears and out at the other; and she looked, as Frank said, quite *dunced*, his favourite and expressive

word for stupefied. But her countenance brightened, and became intelligent and grateful, whenever he told any circumstance worth knowing, so that the gardener, observing that his learning was thrown away upon her, and that his sense was valued, soon spared her as many as he could prevail upon himself to omit of his polysyllabic names, and told her many curious and useful facts. For instance, how she might keep geraniums alive through the winter, without having them in a conservatory. He bid her take them out of the earth in autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, and bury them in sand in a house, as carrots are, where they must remain till the first warm weather in spring. Leaf buds will be seen on them when they are taken out of the sand, and these will put forth immediately, if the geraniums are then planted in a sheltered situation.

She observed some fine July-flowers, which the gardener said had lived in the open air all the last winter, though it had been a severe season; and she asked if these had been kept in sand. No, these had been preserved by another method: he had formerly always thought it necessary to keep them in a house; but had learned, that by planting them near evergreens they lived, sheltered by these good warm nurses, as he called them.

Some believe that the evergreens emit, or send out, warmth; others doubt this, and say that they only shelter the plants near them. How this might be, the gardener could not pretend to decide as yet; but he

had read an account, he said, of many experiments tried in this way, by a gentleman in the north of Ireland, a Mr. Templeton, who in this manner succeeded in keeping several tender plants out in winter, and in accustoming to our climate many which came from warmer countries.

Mary was interested in listening to this, because she had some fine July-flowers, which she wished to keep alive all winter, and she resolved that she also would try this experiment.

After having completed her progress through the green house, hot house, flower garden, and shrubbery, Mary thought there was nothing more to see; but the gardener asked if she would like to look at his apiary. Mary hesitated: she answered,

"If there are only two or three I shall like it; but if there are a great many I would rather not."

The gardener replied, that there were a great many to be sure, but that there was no danger; that they would not do her any harm, if she would stand quietly.

"Will they make a great chattering?" said Mary.

"A great buzzing they will make to be sure," said the gardener; "but there is no danger of their stinging you."

"Stinging me!" repeated Mary, looking very much puzzled; "how could they sting me?"

Frank, who guessed her mistake, asked what sort of animal she expected to see in an apiary.

"I expect," said Mary, "to see apes."

"I knew it, I knew it," cried Frank, laughing triumphantly; but recollecting former times, and *fagots* and *maggots*, he checked himself, and only said gravely; "not apes, my dear, but bees; from *apis*, Latin for a bee."

Mary went with great eagerness to look at the apiary, now she understood what she was to see.

She asked what flowers bees loved best, as she saw several kinds of herbs and flowers near the hives."

The gardener mentioned rosemary and thyme, which have been famed as favourites of the bees for many ages. "Ever since the days of Virgil, sir, you know," said he, turning to Frank's father, and quoting some lines from one of the Georgics. Frank wished that he could have understood them.

"Now I know one reason why you were so eagerly reading the Georgics the other day," thought Frank.

Mary was now examining with delight a glass bee hive. The gardener begged leave to send it home for her; and he gave much good advice, both as to the choice of the flowers she should keep near them, and those which she should never allow to be in their neighbourhood. Yew and box he bid her avoid. And again turning to the gentlemen, the learned gardener observed, that "Virgil warns us of the poisonous nature of honey made from the yew, or box. It is disputed which the poet meant; but, for his part, he was inclined to believe it must be box, because he had, he said, heard from a traveller, who had lately visited Corsica, that to this day

"Yes," cried Frank, "those were the very names; but how can those sticks be a wheel or a flower?"

The engineer began to explain to him, that these are the names which are given to a sort of fireworks. At the sound of the word fireworks, Mary and Frank both exclaimed,

"How I should like to see fireworks!"

"Oh, sir," said Frank, "may I ask, may this be my second request, that you would show us some fireworks?"

His friend, smiling, said, that he was happy to oblige him; and that he would shew him two rockets and a Catherine's wheel."

The key of the closet was brought to get the rockets, and a lanthorn being procured, they all went out upon the open grass plat, before the door, to let off the fireworks. The engineer placed Frank and Mary so that they could see well, and at the same time be out of the way when the sticks should fall. He told Frank, that in what he called the knobs at the top of the sticks were cases, or bags of paper, filled with gunpowder; and that when he should hold a candle to the paper, it would set fire to the gunpowder and make it explode; and that when it blew up it would carry the stick to a considerable height in the air: the rest they would see.

Mary was so much startled by the first explosion, that she shut her eyes, and did not see the blazing rocket. It was very well for her that the engineer had another,

which she looked at, and liked very much: it blazed like a vast star of fire, from which little stars broke, and fell scattering themselves all round, lasting about a minute. The Catherine's wheel was still more beautiful; this, high in the air above their heads, looked like a wheel on fire, whirling round and round. They were delighted with the fireworks, which more than equalled their expectations. Frank said, that he should like to make some for himself, if his father would be so good as to give him some gunpowder. But his father said, that he could not trust him with gunpowder, and warned him never to attempt to play with it, or to set it on fire.

Frank was, he said, very sorry that this was to be the last day of the engineer. He had been much pleased with some instances of ingenuity and ready recollection of his knowledge, which Frank had shown this day. He repeated some of these to Frank's mother, who listened with pleasure, mixed with some degree of apprehension, that by such praise Frank would be too much elated. She knew his foible of vanity, and so did he, and had been lately on his guard against it. But this was too strong for him; his spirits were high, and he wanted to raise his friend's opinion of him by displaying at once his whole stock of learning. It happened to be a fine starlight night: he called every body to look at the stars, on purpose that he might talk of them; for Frank had read Sandford and Merton, and had learned at least as much as Tommy Merton. He

knew the Great Bear and the Lesser, and Charles's Wain, and the Pole-star, and Orion, and Lyra; and, not aware how much more there is to be known, imagined that he was very near being a great astronomer.

The engineer had brought out a reflecting telescope, and was fixing it for him, that he might show him the planet Saturn and its ring; but Frank never looked at it, but was intent only on showing his little stock of learning, and interrupting whatever the engineer was saying; he began counting to Mary all the stars, whose names he had lately learned, talking of them, as if they were all his own familiar acquaintance, and had scarcely been heard of by any body else in the world. He asked Mary if she knew that there was a great circle in the heavens called the ecliptic, and wondered that she could not name all the signs of the zodiac; he named them all as fast as possible. He talked on, hoping that every body was admiring him; but no applause ensued: his friend the engineer was too good a friend to encourage him in conceit. When at last he stopped, there was a mortifying silence. Mary felt what was thought of Frank; she was ashamed for him: and now he saw this; he perceived that his father and mother were ashamed of him. He grew very hot all-over, and stood quite still and abashed, pinching his little finger very hard, to relieve the pain of his mind. His father soon called to him, and kindly lowered the telescope for him to look at Saturn's ring—this was a humane relief.

Mary asked where that circle in the heavens called the ecliptic was to be seen?

The engineer told her, that there was no such circle in reality, but that it was a supposed circle by which the heavens are divided.

Mary again asked, of what use it was to suppose that there is this circle?

The engineer turned to Frank, and asked him if he knew?

Frank answered very humbly, that he did not.

The engineer asked him if he knew, in general, of what use astronomy, or the knowledge of the stars and of their motions, can be to human creatures?

Frank had a general idea, that astronomy was of use, but he did not know of what use. He knew that Harry Sandford found his way out of the moor by the help of the pole star; but how, he could not well tell: and he believed that people know whereabouts they are at sea, by looking at the stars, by the north pole and the compass. The degrees of latitude on the earth, he was almost certain, were connected with the great circle called the *ecliptic*, but he did not know how.

Here Frank felt so much puzzled, and so conscious of his own ignorance, that he stopped short, saying, "I cannot explain myself——for I do not understand any thing about these things, distinctly; and I am sorry, sir," added he, "that I began to talk about the ecliptic to Mary, and to talk so conceitedly."

"My dear Frank," said the engineer, "you are a very candid boy; and as to your little fits of vanity, these will go off when you know more; and that you

will know more I am convinced, because you show such a desire to improve yourself. You worked very hard to make yourself master of summer and winter, and you succeeded. I will mark for you some more passages in your little book of Scientific Dialogues, and in some other books, which I will leave with you; and if you read these carefully, you will, I hope, before I see you again, comprehend clearly what you now wish to learn. You will understand exactly the use of dividing into degrees that imaginary circle in the heavens called the ecliptic, and you will learn of what use astronomy and trigonometry are to man, in sailing upon the sea, and in measuring the earth."

"This is a great deal to learn," said Mary; "will Frank indeed be able to learn all this?"

"Yes, I think he will, if he goes on little by little, and steadily; and if he reads with his kind mother, who is ready to assist him in all difficulties, and who will not let him go on too fast."

"I will begin," said Frank, "to-morrow, sir, as you shall see."

"I hope you will, though I shall not see it," said the engineer, "for I am obliged to go away very early in the morning."

Frank and Mary were sorry, for they were very fond of him. Sensible children always love those, who do not flatter them; who open to them new views of knowledge, and who excite them continually to improve.

H'L
MS.